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Frontier Times solicits reminiscence sketches of pioneer citizens, historical data, newspaper clippings of early day events, accounts battles and tragedies, books and pamphlets containing data bearing on the history of Texas. We have a wonderful collection of this kind of material but want more, and will greatly appreciate contributions of this character. No fiction or love stories wanted.

Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter

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in the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES—which affords us a chance to welcome our Charter Subscribers and to explain a few matters of importance about the facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

For those of you who are not trying to fill out a collection but would just like to own an original or two, we will fill those orders also, on a first-come, first-served basis. In some cases we have only three or four copies; in others, we might have a dozen or more. Please address any correspondence concerning *original* copies to the attention of Susan Washburn at this office.

The price for a *specific* issue will be $3.00 postpaid; the price for an issue of our own selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available) will be $2.50 postpaid.

Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is *Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.*—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 1—No. 6 MARCH, 1924 $1.50 Per Year

The Lost Gold Mine of the Guadalupe Mountains.

This interesting story appeared in the El Paso Times in 1912, In a future issue Frontier Times will give another version, telling of Old Man Sublett's discovery, when the mine was again lost.

L. H. Davis in El Paso Times.

"It was in the spring of 1877 that Pat Garrett and I quit the 'buffalo range' which was where Midland, Plainview and Abilene and Big Springs now are and struck out for the country 'west of the Pecos,'" said Charles Dixon, retired buffalo hunter and frontiersman of the wild and wooly west Texas days, now a painter and paper hanger of El Paso. "My going still further into the wilds led me into an entirely new mode of life, eventuating in my becoming a gold hunter instead of a buffalo hunter.

"Before proceeding with the story, I must mention that that portion of the buffalo range was covered, iterally swarmed, with a seething mass of shaggy maned bison. In fact, those magnificent animals rolled like the waves and billows of the great unsalted sea or Staked Plains, on north clear up to Dakota. I have watched herds of them passing through the Panhandle, millions in numbers, for three days at a time, without a single break. Strange to say, I never saw one of them west of the Pecos. Oh, but those were lively times. Think of it, there were at that time thirteen thousand buffalo hunting outfits in the southwest that traded at Fort Griffin, Texas, which was then the headquarters and market for selling buffalo hides. It was then called 'Buffalo town.' At that time General McKenzie was in command of the post. Among some of the prominent of the buffalo hunting outfits were Long & Anderson, a big outfit; Moore Bros., Coleman & Lewis, Charlie Hart, George Wilhelm, Henry Hamberg, Charlie Green, as we called him then, who by the way, afterward became a great copper magnate in Cananea and is now called Col. Bill Green. In those days he was a common buffalo hunter like the rest of us. Then there was also 'Bat' Masterson, now a New York detective; John Wesley Harden, John Selman, Bill Hillman, known as 'Coyote Bill.' Reynolds & Rare, who had a hunters' supply on 'Red Mud', south of Blanco canyon. J. A. Brock, the El Paso real estate man, was then a prominent and wealthy citizen of Fort Griffin, and other El Pasoans I recall were W. T. Stewart and Bob Robison, who in recent years became prospectors in the Organ mountains and a bee raiser in the valley of El Paso.

"Fort Griffin was a hot old place in those days, a regular kindergarten and training school for bad men of six-shooter mania. In that university graduated John Wesley Hardin and a score of others who eventually came west to El Paso to occupy professorships in their line and specialties. By the way, I happened to be in the Acme saloon taking a friendly drink with Hardin, talking over old times, when his old townsman and neighbor of Buffalo town, John Selman, shot him. The regular population of the town was only 300 or 500 people, but Fort Griffin boasted of a 'man for breakfast' every morning.

"Well, to return, Pat Garret and I started out from the old range for the west, riding a little Spanish pony apiece, each toting a saddle and suit case, which by the way was a 25-pound flour sack carrying our wardrobes and other worldly belongings. We came to a herder's outfit or as it was called a 'bull outfit,' and continued on to Chism's ranch which is about three miles from where Roswell now is. Here we went to work for Jim Chism, punching cattle.

We had not been long at Chism's when the Lincoln County War broke out, and we both quit the job at the ranch. Pat got a job riding the range and looking out for 'rustlers,' as cow thieves were called. Later on he became United States marshall and afterwards sheriff of Lincoln county. The rest of his his-

tory is too well known to be repeated. Billy the Kid was around there in those days.

"Two other punchers, one named Middleton and the other Baker and I went up to Las Vegas to work for Brown & Manzanares. I remained there at work till '79, but Baker and Middleton went back and joined Billy the Kid. They wanted me to join them, but I told them nothing doing, although Billy was a good friend of mine, as we had worked and slept together, time and time again. At that time he was only 19 and not a particular bad man.

"About that time I fell in with some old Colorado prospectors who had come down to hunt for mineral in New Mexico and they persuaded me to join them in the hunt for the yellow metal. The leader of the outfit was called 'Prairie Dog Dave,' whose real name I never did learn. In those days it was not considered polite to be too inquisitive about a man's name and we always accepted the name he passed under. We proceeded southward, prospecting through Oscuros, San Andres and Caballos and finally crosed over east to the White mountains and Sacramentos. We made our headquarters at the Mescalero reservation, as we could get supplies at the agency. I think Major Llewellyn was Indian agent at the time. While there I became well acquainted with the Mescalero Apache chief, Don Juan, and gained his confidence. We could both talk Spanish, which I had learned many years before when a boy in Paso del Norte. Don Juan had a pretty daughter, about 18 years old. I think yet she was the most charming and beautiful girl I ever saw. Naturally both of us, being young and romantic, fell in love with each other. The old chief had no objection to our marrying, but it seemed she being a princess of the royal blood, the consent of the head men, braves and warriors, was necessary to make the marriage legal. Well, they were all opposed to her marrying a white man, and my sweetheart postponed it to some future day, hoping that the prejudice and opposition would die out. Meanwhile, my sweetheart showed me some nuggets of gold and buckskin sacks of finer gold which she said had been brought in by her father and another Indian from the country south near the Texas line. It seems she had acompanied her father to the diggings once or twice and had a very acurate knowledge of the locality.

"Lover-like, we talked the matter over when we would meet in our trysting place and she confided the secret to me with the full confidence that I would never betray her confidence to her father .If I found the diggings which she did not doubt, I was to return and together we would go to some distant land and marry. I tried to get her to acompany me, but she seemed to have the old Indian superstitution that if she went and showed me the place in person the Great Spirit would kill both of us. She had no objection to me taking my companions along, as it would be safer. She said to me as follows:

"My father and two others are the only persons who know of the place where this gold comes from. I can't go with you and show it, but I can tell you where it is.' She told me to go south till I came to the low foothills south of the high Guadalupe peak and I would come to the Selas Teticua or the Twin mountains which lay about two and a half miles from where the Indians got the gold. She gave me as landmarks a seep spring and a canyon or arroya and mentioned a cave in which were skeletons, and on the rocks, said I would find heiroglyphics marked on the rocks. 'That cave,' she said, 'is haunted with evil spirits of some old race of Indians who lived there years ago and my people are afraid to enter it. I promised her that I would not attempt to enter this cave.

Dave and I started and finally reached what is now called the Russell hills. We found the seep springs, the canyon and also the cave she had described. The cave is in one side of a sink or drop in a mesa. The sink has vertical walls and we could not descend as we were equiped with ropes to do so and besides, we felt a sort of canny fear to do so after what my sweet heart had told me. But at a certain time of the day when the sun shines on a slant, we could look into the cave about 60 feet and we saw three skeletons or mummies. This cave is in the Russell mountains about 15 miles south of the old seep springs. Now the seep springs, she had told us, was about a mile and a half from the gulch where the rich placer gold was taken out. So we retraced our steps to that vicinity and spent several months trying to locate the place. In fact we put in three

and a half years off and on, but never could find the gold. We did find an old mine or shaft covered up and below it a big dump that looked like riprap on a railroad. This was about 30 miles south of Seep springs. Near here we found the ruins of an old stone house in which live oak trees had grown through the crumbled walls, some of them as big as a man's body. Here we found some very rich silver ore, evidently from the old mine. In the shaft which was filled up, some big logs or timber stuck up out of the shaft. There was a well-defined vein crossing the hills which at the point where the shaft was sunk seemed to widen out in a big pocket. We had no tools for mining. and as we were only looking for the Indian placer, we gave up the search.

A long time after this, in 1892, while I was living in Midland, Texas, old man Sublett, as he was called, came into town and created great excitement. He brought into a saloon two sacks of gold and, calling the crowd to take a drink, exhibited it to us. I became well acquainted with him, and from his description of the place where he had been, became satisfied he must have found the place where Nonick, my Indian sweetheart, had told me of. He admitted he had heard the same story from the Indians while he was trapping up in the White mountains, and that that was what had led him to hunt for gold. But he declined to give me any clue to the exact locality. He told me it was within two miles of Seep springs, but did not tell me in what direction therefrom.

He moved up to Eddy soon after so as to be nearer the diggings, he said. He took his son, Ross Sublett, then a little boy, to the place shortly before his death. Ross was then very young and forgot the place and afterwards spent years in a fruitless search for the gulch where the gold came from. He told me that the last time he was there he was only nine years old and that he stayed there three days and two nights with his father He also stated to me that it took about a day and a half to go from Eddy to the diggings and that he and his father were gone only five days, making the journey in a buckboard. He said that the old man used to pack water down to the placer from the spring in big canteens and pour it into a tub in which he washed the course gold. Some of the gold was in big nuggets large as bullets. He said the place was in an arroya and his whole description coincided with the tale of the Indian girl. I have lately found by inquiry that the daughter of the old chief is still living on a reservation called Moctezuma in northern New Mexico. Her father, old Don Juan, is dead, and the only other person knowing the locality is a civil chief of the Mescalero by the name of Jim Miller. I understand that many people have been looking for the Sublett mine. I intend to make one more effort. But I will first go and see my old Indian sweetheart and try to get her to go and show it to me. She must be about 40 years old now, and her memory will be fresh when we meet."

Death of Mrs. R. G. Carter

Mrs. R. G. Carter, survivor of the pioneer west, died recently at Walter Reed hospital, Washington.

In 1870 she made a bridal trip with her husband, Capt. R. G. Carter, U. S. army, retired, from Boston, Mass., to Ft. Concho, Texas, to which he had been assigned after graduation from West Point that year, and which was then one of the extreme frontier ports on the western border of Texas, then habitated only by a few hardy settlers, jack rabbits and rattlesnakes. After reaching San Antonio by boat, rail and stage, she marched with her husband, who was assigned to the duty of driving 400 unbroken Texas horses (broncos) over the expanse of wilderness, at the end of which she took up her abode in a wall tent. She had four children. Two daughters were born at old Fort Richardson, Jack county, located on Lost Creek, a small tributary of the west fork of the Trinity river. One of these daughters was born in a wall tent during a howling "norther" and the tent was held down by men at the guy ropes. The other was born in a rough pecan picket jacal plastered with mud, infested with scorpions, centipedes and tarantulas.

Mrs. Carter made one march of thirty days with her two babies through the wild savage country, swarming at that period with hostile bands of Comanche and Kiowa Indians, the camp being picketed at night. Mrs Carter was in her seventy-seventh year. All of her children and one grandchild were with her at the end.

The Gospel West of the Pecos.

Max Bentley in Dearborn Independent.

Thirty-six years ago a slender little man with blue-gray eyes drove across the Pecos River in a buckboard to organize a Presbyterian congregation in the mountain village of Fort Davis, Texas. That was a time when the western frontier was earning a reputation for wildness and woolinets, and that part of Texas belonged to the frontier.

The newcomer lost no time in delivering his message of his Master. He delivered it so earnestly, so eloquently, and so proudly, that the cowmen came to hold him in love and veneration such as no other man has enjoyed that ever lived out there. They came to call him everybody's friend, little minister of the hills, and, finally, just plain Brother Bloys.

Slight in body, mighty in deed! William B. Bloys, man of God, went to his rest six and one half years ago (died at Fort Davis, March 22, 1917), but the memory of him lives. It lives wherever there is a habitation in the mountainous interior of West Texas. It poignantly lives in a certain mile-high bit of mountain and sky and meadow hidden twenty miles from a railroad, in the heart of the Davis Range, and known as Skillman Grove. The outward manifestation of it is the monument erected to him by the Bloys Camp Meeting Association, in 1918.

It is a slender, four-faced shaft of blue-gray granite—the color of his eyes. They placed it near the meeting-house which he had built with his own hands. The inscription reads: "In memory of our beloved brother, Dr. W. B. Bloys, founder and for twenty-seven years the faithful leader of this camp meeting."

There are several ways to climb to fame. One is to do unusual things in a spectacular manner. Brother Bloys never worked that way, but Roy Bean did. Those two names—Bloys and Bean—stand out over all others in the annals of the ranch country of Texas, west of the Pecos.

Bean was a double-fisted rough-and-tumble adventurer. His career was stirring and picturesque. Judge Roy Bean he was, justice of the peace at Langtry, Texas. He ran a saloon and commissary, and from that strange seat of justice ruled over a territory larger than most states. When some writer put him into a magazine as "The Law West of the Pecos," there was given to that still maligned land a tradition which it eaggerly siezed and hugged to its bosom; a tradition only now passing out. If Roy Bean was the law west of the Pecos, the Rev. William B. Bloys was the gospel west of the Pecos.

I have recently attended a unique religious gathering. I was on hand when the ranch people of the West, for the thirty-fourth time since 1889, came together in Skillman Grove to renew their pledges to the Lord. The Cowboy Meeting held forth for a week, and adjourned with an outpouring of praise falling from the lips of bronzed and brawney men of the range; yes, and their wives and children and grandchildren.

That is the secret of the long life of the Bloys cowboy meeting—the second and third generations are carrying on. The old-timers—men like G. Wesley Evans and John Means, "Bill" Jones and "Ote" Finley, "Bill" Kingston and Cap'n Gillett—are gradually dropping upon young shoulders the responsibility of carrying on the meeting while they, the old boys, uphold the traditions of the eating camps.

The meeting is held each year in a grove of live oaks, removed from the busy haunts of men. It is the corner stone in a firm foundation of religion built in the West—the West that once was a haven for the lawless. Its influence is the dominant element in the life of a people scattered thinly over a territory greater in area than most states. And it answers the question that the first-time visitor finds himself wonderingly asking: How has it come that the ranch people of Western Texas are so filled with religion?

Mr. Bloys was seventy when he died. He was a Tennessean come to a wild land for his "health." Soon after his arrival at Fort Davis he began to spread out. He crossed the ranges to isolated ranches to which the Word had not been brought from the outside for generations. It was his wont to drop in any hour of the day or night, hold a religious service, baptize the children in whatever faith the parents designated, and inquire the way to the next ranch. He moved slowly and with effort until "Bill" Jones

presented him with a spanking team of horses, but he covered the country. He covered it because he kept everlastingly at it—and about the first job he undertook was the organization of the camp meeting which bears his name.

While his regular charge was the Presbyterian congregation at Fort Davis, his territory covered all Texas west of the Pecos river. He belonged to every denomination. He was a Joseph's coat of many colors, a real mantle of Christianity which he wrapped freely around the heart of every man, every woman, and every child, who came beneath his influence or heard his gentle teaching. He taught the simple creed that God is the universal father, that Christ died to save sinners, and that the way to heaven is the path of rectitude. Denominational interpretations of Scripture meant nothing to him—he cleaved straight through to the heart of the Book, and taught the fundamental and thrilling old truths in a way that all could understand.

Which explains why the Bloys camp meeting belongs to everybody. It is interdenominational. A denominational sermon has never, in thirty-four years been preached in the open-air meeting house under the trees, and never will be. In a third of a century the camp meeting has made only two rules. One is that denominational lines are erased, and the other is that on the grounds there shall be nothing to buy. Everything is free—tents, bedding, meals, water, lights, food and religion. You can enter Skillman Grove with bare hands and empty pockets; like Christ entering Jersulamen you can go in afoot—if you depart hungry and heartsore it is because you refused in your own willingness to eat, drink and yes, be merry. No collection is ever taken at the services. The entire expense is borne by the members, chiefly the cowmen whose names have been most prominently identified with it from the beginning. On the last day they hold a business meeting, figure the expense, and raise it right there—after the visitors have departed.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting was a record-breaker in point of attendance. At the elevation of the meeting house, 6,000 feet, one can sleep out-of-doors, without fear of dew, snakes or bugs. On next to the last day I climbed to the top of Mount Bloys, standing guard over the grove on the east, and looked out over the traditional "sea of tents." At the morning service 1,500 persons wedged themselves in and around the meeting house. At the five eating camps dinner was served in relays. The crowd was so great as seriously to strain the facilities that have sufficed these many years. There was talk of suggesting to the old-timers—tactfully, of course—that they abandon the old style of free and open-handed hospitality and put the thing on a cafeteria basis. It ended in talk. One might as well have asked G. Wesley Evans, or any one of the others to give up their ranches as to ask them to give up the idea of serving free meals. They are not built that way, and neither was the West. They started out to be hosts and it will be that way as long as they live.

Those were wild days, when Brother Bloys crossed the Pecos in his buckboard. The first settlers were good Christian people—none better—but into their country had come the murderer and thief seeking concealment along the frontier. There was plenty for Brother Bloys to do. If he had been noisy and denunciatory, if he had turned out to be one of those political preachers, his career would have been short run. But he was neither noisy nor denunciatory. And as for politics, he attended to his own business, locked in his heart more than one red. dreadful secret, and the torch he carried brought the light of redemption to more than one hungry soul. He entered the frontier saloons and brothels as freely as he entered the consecrated mountain home. What he had he gave as generously to the two-gun man and the dance-hall woman as to the white-haired grandmother nodding before the fire place with the open Bible in her lap. Thus in time, he came to reign securely in the hearts of his people—all the people, good and bad.

One day in 1880—he had been in the country two years—Brother Bloys stopped at John Means' home. Let Mr. Means tell a bit of the story, as he told it to me on next to the last night of the meeting:

"He stopped at my shack to visit the family and hold a service. We talked about the need of getting the people together, and I mntioned this grove as being a good central location. His eyes snapped, and right there he laid out the plan of a camp meeting.

We got some of the neighbors to-

gether in the grove and held our first service the next Saturday night. George Evans and his folks were there, the Bill Jones, the Finleys, the Kingstons, and some cowboys. We cleaned out the brush and built a little arbor. We had a two days' meeting, and I want to tell you, the word of God sunk deep. Mr. Bloys said we must be interdenominational. He is a Presybeterian, I am a Baptist, some of the others are Methodists and Christians—you get the idea.

"We set out to buy the grove. The price was two dollars an acre, $1,280 for the section. Well, we were all mighty poor, new in the country, just starting our herds. It looked like a lot of money, but we raised it at one sitting. When we started our improvements we bought rough lumber because it was cheap, and Mr. Bloys planed it himself. He was a first-class carpenter."

"So was Jesus, you remember, John" broke in Bill Jones quickly. Mr. Means nodded.

"Well, we opened for business. We had a hymn—it was 'How Firm a Foundation.' We've sung it ever since—always open the meeting with it. Mr. Bloys preached a sermon of Thanksgiving, and then took the children off to one side, and told them Bible stories. We did not know much about the Bible, and felt ashamed of our ignorance, but he would only laugh at us and tell the story about the two lawyers."

"Bill" Kingston slapped his knee.

"That sure was a good one. Tell it again John," he urged.

"Two lawyers made a bet. One bet he could say the Lord's prayer without a break and the other called him. He started off, Now I lay me down to sleep,' and the other lawyer said, 'Well Joe, you did it. I didn't think you knew it!"

A murmur of reminiscent laughter went around the camp fire.

"The eating camp idea just grew," Mr. Means went on. "We organizers put in our own camps to feed the people, buying what they needed ourselves and butchering our own cows, and we've kept it up. We sort of felt like the people ought to be taken care of since we started the thing. We've always tried to feed them good grub."

Good grub? For supper that night the Means-Evans-Gillett outfit served roast beef, gravy, chili con carne and frijoles, stewed corn, fried potatoes, hot biscuits and butter, stewed apples, plum preserves and hot coffee—and the same sort of meal was served at every other camp.

"He left us, six years ago," John Means said, after a long pause. "His heart was too big for his body—he only weighed 120 pounds—and one day at Fort Davis it just stopped beating while he was sitting in his chair. He was just wore out. He'd often said that his work was done, that there wasn't anybody left in the country to be brought to Jesus and if he meant it that way I guess he was right. This is a Christian country now—she's cleaned up for good, end to end—and the man responsible was Brother Bloys. He left us this camp meeting and this grove, the most sacred spot for these families that ever was, or ever could be, placed on this earth."

Mr. Means spoke the truth. To say nothing whatever of its stately beauty—lying there in the heart of the mountains a flashing jewel in a setting of saw-tooth peaks—there hangs over it the intense suggestion of consecration. It literally comes out to meet the visitor as he arrives, and hovers about him as long as he remains. Not blatantly, in loud shoutings and hysterical hallelujahs, but in the quiet and earnest faces of the people, in the hearty welcomes, and in the services of which half-dozen are held daily during the session. There is nothing sensational about the preaching. After two songs and two prayers the preacher gets right down to business, and in an hour the meeting is over—no collection.

The young men's and boy's meeting is called the "brush meeting" and it, too, is an institution of long standing, in its thirty-first year. At a recent gathering Joe Evans presided. Joe is the son of G. Wesley Evans, old-timer, and when he called for the second and third generations to stand and be counted, in the number were sixteen sons and grandsons of the men that had organized the camp meeting association.

Clinch it, for eleven consecutive years not one indictment was returned by the grand jury of Jeff Davis County, in which Skillman Grove is located. As for that, serving on the grand jury of any county of Western Texas that has felt the feet of Brother Bloys has been, through all the years, not merely a formality, it has distinctly been a waste of time.

The tradition of Roy Bean, that rip-

snorting justice of the peace, is passing since that phase of the West has slipped into the dusk of history. Not so the tradition of Brother Bloys. The problem which he grappled was not a phase at all. It was a condition having its counterpart in every corner of the globe where the human family has gathered to furnish material for the soul savers. It has always existed, and it will continue to exist always. What Brother Bloys won for his Master is attested to by the congregation in Skilman Grove. When it bears down on the stately notes of the opening hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," it is doing something besides singing a hymn. It is chanting a bit of the authentic history of the West; that part of it which has had to do with the building of a Christian spirit in the cow country by the little carpenter-preacher.

How Old Is Texas?

We have studied three hundred years of the history of Texas, and what have we learned? For nearly two hundred years Spain rested idly on its claim to Texas and took no steps to improve it until the approach of the French compelled it to for the fear of losing the country. Fear of the French was followed by fear of the Americans, but, with all its efforts, the best that Spain could do during the third hundred years was to keep alive the three small settlements of San Antonio, Goliad, and Nacogdoches. As late as 1820 there were, besides the Indians, scarcely four thousand people in Texas, all in a wretched and poverty-stricken condition. And what Spain itself could not do for the province it would not let others do. No foreigner was allowed west of the Sabine. Now history teaches no lesson more clearly than this, that a nation shall not keep for itself alone what it will not or cannot properly use. The Spaniards had had their chance with Texas and failed; it was time for the Mexicans to try—School History of Texas by Baker, Potts and Ramsdell.

Then we find that in 1820 Moses Austin visited the Spanish post at San Antonio, and secured permission to settle three hundred families in Texas. He dies, but his son, Stephen F. Austin, takes up the work and in 1821, we find him near Old Washington on the Brazos with a few immigrants, the first real American foothold in Texas.

So, should we attempt to celebrate the beginning of Texas as an American colony we would be forced to ignore the date which really marked the beginning. It is past. It is either 1820, when Moses secured Spain's permission; or, it was 1821, the date of his son's arrival with settlers!

There is no date from 1821 to 1835 that stands out as marking any worthwhile event, unless we attach undue significance to Edward's declaring, in 1825, Texas independent of Mexico, and naming it the Republic of Fredonia! But no one will think of doing that.

The whole course of events from 1821 to 1835 was one of aggressive inpouring of Americans, and internecéne strife in Mexico, which had in the meantime won its independence from Spain.

Of course during these fourteen or fifteen years Texas was incubating, but Texas did not have its real birth until March 2, 1836.

Her Centennial should be celebrated that year, on the grounds where Austin settled with his first settlers, and where Austin, Houston, Blount, Burnet, Smith, De Zavala, Lamar, Rusk, Wharton, Archer, Burleson, Childress, et al, wrote the most profound declaration of independence ever penned by man: March 2, 1836, at Old Washington on the Brazos.—Texas Commercial News.

Heel-Fly Time in Texas.

Within a short time we will begin the publication of a thrilling story under the above title, written by John Warren Hunter. This is a true story and quite lengthy, and will run through several numbers of Frontier Times. The story has been published before and those who have read it pronounce it one of the best yet. Simultaneously with its appearance in Frontier Times it will be printed in pamphlet form to be sold at fifty cents per copy.

Donations are asked to the fund that is being raised to erect a monument to the old time trail drivers at Breckenridge Park, San Antonio. George W. Saunders, president of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association states that contributions are coming in and he hopes every patriotic Texan will respond to his appeal, published in last number of Frontier Times. Send a contribution for this purpose to W. W. Collier, treasurer of the fund, City National Bank, San Antonio, Texas.

Thrilling Tales of Frontier Days.

By Taylor Thompson.

Taylor Thompson, now deceased, was a well known printer, newspaper man, ranger, and Confederate soldier. His series of articles, dealing with his experiences on the frontier, which will appear in this Magazine, will be found very interesting.

In looking over an old San Antonio Express, printed some twenty-odd years ago, I came across a paragraph in the local column referring to Jack Harris, who for many years was a prominent citizen in certain circles in San Antonio and who was killed in the early eighties by Ben Thompson of Austin. I knew Jack Harris well at the close of the Civil War, and seeing his name in print recalls an incident which I heard him relate many years ago. When General Albert Sidney Johnston, with a force of United States troops, marched across the plains to Salt Lake City in 1858 to put down the Mormon uprising Jack Harris was with General Johnston's force in the capacity of hunter and scout, and there were perhaps twenty-five or thirty men with the expedition in the same capacity, among them being a Cherokee Indian who was known as "Cherokee Bill," who spoke English well, was a good hunter, a crack shot and well versed in woodcraft of all kinds.

On one occasion, while marching across the Staked Plains, the command halted early in the afternoon and went into camp, where there was water and grass in abundance, but where wood was an unknown quantity, there probably not being a tree in one hundred miles, and the men were compelled to gather up "buffalo chips" and any other fuel they could find with which to do their cooking. Jack Harris and Cherokee Bill started out in search of fuel, as well as to make a reconnoisance of the surrounding country.

They were in a region of country over which the Blackfeet Indians roamed at will, and as they had seen numerous signal smokes during the day, they had no doubt that these Indians were watching the movements of the column of troops. The two scouts had not proceeded far from camp when they came upon the trail of a shod horse. Tracks of any kind posessed a peculiar significance for frontiersmen, that the trail was quite fresh and there was only one horse, especially excited the curiosity of the scouts. Indians did not shoe horses, and the scouts knew there were no white men in the country besides those of their own command and they concluded that the horse which had made the track must be a loose animal that had escaped from some wagon train of emigrants crossing the plains further to the north, or from some detachment of United States troops, and they decided to follow the track with the hope of being able to capture the horse.

Intent on watching the trail, they did not keep as sharp a lookout for Indians as they should have done, and had proceeded two or three miles when they came upon the loose horse, grazing in a small valley or "draw." As they approached the animal he started to ascend an eminence to the west of the valley, but the horse was not frightened, and did not run from them, and when the two men reached the top of the eminence they were surprised to see some half a mile away a party of Blackfeet Indians, ten or twelve in number, sitting on their ponies quietly watching the two scouts.

There were no trees or rocks behind which the scouts could take shelter and make a stand, and they at once turned in the direction of camp, some three or four miles away, and started at double quick, and the mounted Indians at once started in pursuit.

Jack Harris said that he was a noted sprinter at that day, while his companion, Cherokee Bill, was noted for his fleetness of foot. The two men had run about a mile when they saw that the Blackfeet were rapidly gaining on them, and presently they could hear the yells of their pursuers. A little later the Indians came so close that they began to discharge arrows at the two men. At that time Bill was some fifty yards away and Jack called to him not to run away and leave him, but to stop and make a stand. Bill did not reply, but kept on running. Presently one of the arrows that the Indians were shooting took effect in the fleshy part of Jack's hip, just going deep enough to stick. Jack said he reached around and pulled the arrow out but the slight wound increased his speed to such an extent that before they had

run two hundred yards further he overtook his fleeing companion. Fortunately for the two scouts, a small detachment of cavalry had been sent out from camp to take a view of the surrounding country and this detachment came up in time to check the pursuit of the Blackfeet Indians, and the scouts reached camp in safety.

Jack Harris was a man whose life was filled with scenes of adventure in many parts of the world; and I have no doubt that he was designated by nature for a good man. He was said to have been a lineal descendant of General Israel Putman of Revolutionary fame, and I remember when he was killed two ladies came from Connecticut to San Antonio who claimed to be his aunt and cousin, to look after his business affairs. Jack left home when a boy, drifted southward and finally enlisted with Walker's filibustering expedition, and in one of the skirmishes in Nicaragua he was wounded in the left hand and lost all of his fingers on that hand. He was uneducated and illiterate, and on his return from Nocaragua he became a professional gambler. For some years he was sort of municipal boss in San Antonio, something like Boss Tweed of New York, only on a smaller scale, and he was not a bad man at heart.

* * *

A great deal has been said and written about the endurance of the Indian and the desperate manner in which they would fight when wounded or when brought to bay without being wounded, but when escape seemed hopeless. The fact is that the Indian, like the tiger or any other brute, knew nothing else but to fight when brought to bay. He never gave quarter himself and he expected no quarter from his white enemy. An instance of determination and brute courage displayed by a wounded Indian once came under my observation. Many years ago I was with a party of eight citizens who followed the trail of a party of Indians making a raid into the settlement southwest of San Antonio. About 10 o'clock one morning we overtook the Indians as they were crossing the bed of a small dry stream, but in which there was a pool or lake of water, and here the Indians stopped to let their horses drink.

We fired upon them whilst at the pool of water and two of their number fell. Then we charged them and they scattered, according to their natural tactics. A short distance from the stream one of the party who was near killed the horse of one of the Indian warriors, and the Indian was himself wounded, though we did not then know the extent of his wound. The wounded man crawled into a small hollow or ravine near where his horse fell, and myself and two companions dismounted and approached: I called to him in Spanish, telling him that if he would quit fighting we would not hurt him and would do what we could for his wounds. I do not know whether he understood me or not, although many of the Comanches did speak Spanish.

He made no reply, but as we approached him, arrows from his bow whizzed by us at frequent intervals. He was down on his back propped against the side of a small ravine, and we could see that he sprung his bow by placing it over his right foot, and adjusting the arrow to the string with his left hand. We were near enough to see that he was bleeding from several wounds, but he apparently had no idea of giving up the fight. Finally one of my companions made a "good Indian" of him by shooting him in the head. When he was dead we examined the body and found that his right arm and left leg were broken and that he was shot through the spine. We camped that night at that pool of water after returning from a fruitless pursuit of the rest of the party, and we hollowed a shallow grave with hatchets and butcher knives where we laid that dauntless son of the forest to rest without scalping him, and we piled a large quantity of rock over his lonely grave.

I remember another instance of Indian stoicism and indifference to death, a part of which came under my observation, though I did not witness the final act in this tragedy. A good many years ago there lived in Blanco county, then a very sparsely settled section, which was subject to frequent Indian raids, a family named Tanner. One member of the family, Sol Tanner, became quite noted as an Indian fighter, and in 1858 became captain of a company of Texas rangers. Prior to his elevation to the rank of captain, however, when a party of citizens was made up to follow a raiding band of Indians. Sol Tanner was always among the first to respond to the call and reach the rendezvous, and was usually chosen to lead the party. Sol was a dare-devil harrum-scarrum sort of a fellow, and no

scheme was too wild or foolish for him to take part in. On one occasion, with a small party of citizens, Sol Tanner came upon a small party of Indians, the latter being taken completely by surprise. The Indians scattered like partridges and a running fight ensued. Tanner and one companion, who were well mounted, pursued one of the fleeing Indians until the warrior had discharged his last arrow at his pursuers. The Indian's horse was failing fast and his pursuers gained on him rapidly. Instead of killing the Indian, Tanner, who was an expert cowboy,fixed his lariat and roped or lassoed the Indian warrior, dragging him from his horse. The Indian was stunned by the fall, and the two white men bound his arms behind him, took his tomahawk and hunting knife from him, then tied him on his own horse and brought him into the Tanner ranch as a prisoner. There was a vacant cabin at the ranch and in this cabin the prisoner was placed. Food and water were offered to the Indian, held to his lips in fact, his arms being tied, but he closed his teeth and refused to take anything into his mouth. The white men did all in their power to assure the Indian of safety and induce him to take sustenance. His captors were in a quandary as to what disposition to make of their prisoner.

On the evening of the fourth day it was evident that the prisoner intended to die by starvation unless otherwise dispatched. Several neighbors came in and a consultation was held. Some of them wanted to turn the Indian loose, but they knew of course, that if this was done, and he reached his people in safety that he would be on the warpath again as soon as an opportunity offered. A vote was taken as to whether the prisoner should be released or executed, and the latter proposition carried. Accordingly the prisoner was taken into the woods about half a mile from the ranch, shot to death and buried under a large spreading oak. The grave has been pointed out to me several times.

In the summer of 1864, with a party of rangers, I camped on the banks of the Rio Grande thirty or forty miles above Eagle Pass to rest our horses two or three days, after a fruitless chase after a party of Indians. The next day about midday, I led my horse down to the river, and while the animal was drinking I saw a small flat bottomed skiff built of lumber and square at each end floating down the river. I could see several articles in the skiff, among them the barrel of a gun, but there was no occupant. Hastily undressing, I swam out and secured the skiff and brought it to the shore, then calling some of my companions, we proceeded to examine it.

There was a fine Navajo blanket folded up on the seat at the rear end of the boat. There was also a buckskin wallet made to carry on the saddle, which contained several articles of men's wearing apparel and a pair of woman's shoes. There was also in the boat an old-fashioned rifle, a Mexican escopeta, an ax and a small supply of dried beef in another wallet. In the first wallet mentioned there was a small buckskin pouch containing a comb, two spools of thread, and several needles and $7.30 in Mexican silver. The balance of that day, we scouted up and down the river hunting some trace of the owner of the boat, but our search was unavailing. A month later I inserted in the old San Antonio Herald, the nearest newspaper at that time, an advertisement with a description of the skiff and contents, but I never received an answer to the advertisement, though I kept it in the paper three months. I forgot to say that on the blanket and on the buckskin wallet there were fresh blood stains, and the rifle had recently been discharged, but the fate of the occupant of the skiff always remained a mystery.

Get a Few Subscribers.

We want every old frontiersman who appreciates our efforts to pertetuate the deeds of daring, the hardships, the sufferings and the heroic achievements of our early settlers, to mention Frontier Times to his friends and ask them to subscribe for this little magazine. We need your help in this way. Frontier Times is depending solely upon subscriptions for sustenance, and we need every subscriber we can secure to keep it going. We have plenty of historical matter to fill its pages for years to come, and this stock of material is being added to from day to day by those who are sending in sketches of their experience. We want yours, too. Tell your friends about Frontier Times. Let's make it the greatest little magazine in the South. It is worth every cent of the dollar and a half asked for it.

Daring Hold-up Between Fort Concho and Abilene.

From The Police News, 1884

Two stage coaches between Concho and Abilene, Texas were held up at about 1 o'clock in the morning, February 4th, by two roadmen. The coach leaving Concho was first attacked and the mail and passengers robbed. It had gone about one mile when it met the coach going to Concho and in which was Deputy Sheriff W. L. Jerrell of Las Cruces, New Mexico, who was in pursuit of the thieves who robbed J. D. Barncastle in Dona Ana County, accompanied by Sergeant L. S. Trumbo of Col. Baylor's Texas Rangers, and two other passengers. The robbers soon came upon the second stage and in trying to hold it up a fight followed in which Jerrell was killed.

The subjoined letter from Sheriff White explains the affair:

Abilene, Texas, Feb. 6th, 1884.

Deputy Sheriff Jerrell and Sergeant Trumbo left this place for San Angelo on Monday morning in the Concho stage When within five miles of Concho the stage was stopped by robbers, when Trumbo and Jerrell opened fire. Jerrell was shot three times through the body, one other passenger wounded, Trumbo unhurt, one robber shot down, but managed to rise and escape. The stage in which Jerrell, Trumbo and the passengers were riding was literally riddled with bullets. The stage running between this town and Concho has been robbed four times since New Year's. The driver states that the passengers fought desperately, that is Jerrell and Sergeant Trumbo and a passenger on the box with the driver. Trumbo, as soon as Jerrell was disabled, took pistol and kept up the fight. The other passenger wounded, occupied the right hand back seat and was unarmed.

Yours truly, JAMES WHITE.

It appears that the stage on which Jerrell and Trumbo were traveling had warning from the coach which had been robbed, but ordered the driver to go ahead, while they prepared for attack and laid their pistols across their laps. A journey of a mile brought them to the spot, and they were ordered to stop; two men in masks came from the mesquite brush to the right of the stage. Jarrell fired and the shot was returned. Trumbo then took aim and fired. His man threw his pistol into the air, placed his hands over his stomach and fell. The horses started and the firing from and into the stage continued with great rapidity. A spent ball struck Samuel P. Cochran, of Dallas, in the back, and three shots passed through his overcoat.

The special correspondent of the News of El Paso says Sergeant Trumbo is a native Texan, he had been a Ranger almost from boyhood. In 1882 he served as assistant Marshall of El Paso, Texas under that intrepid officer Marshall Gillett, who selected him because of his dauntless courage and untiring energy. In the spring of 1883, he rejoined the Rangers as a member of Captain George W. Baylor's Company, and for gallant service was promoted to the rank of First Sergeant, which rank he still retains.

Deputy Sheriff Jerrell was a brother-in-law of Sheriff James White of El Paso, a friend of Col. Baylor's of the Texas Rangers, a man of nerve, and as brave as a lion.

Mr. Sam P. Cochran escaped death by a miracle. Brave and fearless he was compelled to sit idly by and be shot at without being able to reply as he was entirely unarmed. This grand man has since become one of the most noted Masons in Texas or in the world. Has served as Past Grand Master of Masons in Texas; Past Grand High Priest Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Texas; Trice Illustrious Past Grand Master Grand Council Royal and Select Masters of Texas; Right Eminent Past Grand Commander Grand Commandery of Texas; Past Grand Patron Grand Chapter Order Eastern Star of Texas; Past Past Potentate Hella Temple A. O. N. M. S.; Soverign Grand Inspector General in Texas of the Supreme Council Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States Mother Council of the World.

Send in Your Sketch.

We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers. Write your sketch in your own way, giving your experience on the frontier.

The Lofty Courage of a Frontier Boy.

By John Warren Hunter

Capt. Cal Putman came to Texas in 1821, and settled on the San Gabriel, in what is now Williamson county and built the first block house erected in that territory, not far from where Liberty Hill now stands. This was long before Austin was founded, and his nearest white neighbors were the Hornsbys, who had formed a settlement at Hornsby's Bend, on the Colorado. Indians often paid friendly visits at the block house, and were always shown kind treatment and they seldom abused the favors shown them.

Early in the 50's Mr. Putman, moved to Llano county and settled on Hickory creek, near House Mountain, where, in the course of time he established a comfortable home. He and his good wife raised a large family, four sons and several daughters. Harve Putman, the central figure in this sketch, died a few years ago at Sabinal; Doc Putman, a brother, resides at Brady; one of the brothers lives on the Nueces and another resides in California.

In the fall of 1864, Captain Putman, accompanied by his son Harve, started on a hunting expedition on the Upper Llano, in the territory now included in Kimble county. In those days game was abundant in that region, and large numbers o f wild cattle roamed at will over the vast range. Most of these cattle were unbranded and subject to the claims of huntsmen who chanced to come up with them on the range. This was the kind of game Mr. Putman was seeking, his aim being to lay in sufficient beef on this trip to supply the wants of his family for winter.

Their outfit consisted of a small carryall wagon, without cover, in which was stored bedding, provisions, and several sacks of corn in the ear. The wagon was drawn by two horses, while an extra horse was led at the rear end of the vehicle.

Their armament consisted of a double-barreled shotgun, and an old army rifle with only about a half dozen rounds of ammunition, but this latter they expected to replenish when they reached Ft. Mason, as they had to pass through that post on their way to their chosen hunting grounds. The United States troops had abandoned Ft. Mason at the beginning of the war, and at the time of which I write only a small company of rangers held the place for the protection of the scattering ranchmen and their families, who lived on that part of the extreme border.

Great was Putman's disappointment when he reached Mason, to find that not a cartridge nor an ounce of powder or lead could be had in the place. Taking an inventory of his stock, he found that he had six rounds of ammunition, two cartridges for his army gun, and four charges of shot, powder and caps for his shot gun. Being a dead shot with either gun, he reasoned that out of the six charges he could safely count on at least four fat beeves, and the flesh of these when cured, would more than load his wagon. As to Indians, he apprehended no danger whatever. It had been a long while since they had raided that particular section. He knew the metal of his son, then about 14 years old, and an excellent shot and if perchance the Indians attacked them, they twain, could run a bluff even with empty guns and stand them off. These reflections hastened his decision and they left Mason and headed for the Saline country up on the Llano, aiming to reach the Saline creek that evening.

When they reached the Leon creek, about 20 miles west of Mason, they discovered a body of horsemen, which at first they took to be a squad of rangers or ranchmen, but on closer scrutiny the keen eye of Harve detected the Indian garb. The horsemen were at quite a distance when first seen, but were now approaching at a rapid gait. Seeing this Putman drove into a grove of scattering postoak trees near by and prepared for action by tying his horses securely to two trees, near which he had stopped his wagon, and by the time this was accomplished the Indians with loud yells, were upon them. There were thirteen of the savages, and they made a furious charge. Being an old frontiersman, Mr. Putman knew that the sight of a gun in the hands of a white man when at bay became an object of dread and terror to the average Comanche, and acting on this knowledge he told Harve to reserve his ammunition and not to fire until he gave the word, but to put on a bold front and to present

his gun as if in the act of shooting every time an Indian got too close. This plan was carried out successfully in this first charge of the Indians, who fell back at a safe distance, dismounted and again advanced on the beleagured, this time on foot. From the cover of trees they opened fire on the Putmans with a few guns which they had along, and this was kept up until it seemed they had exhausted their ammunition, when they advanced nearer and began to shoot arrows. Up to this time neither of the Putmans had fired a shot. Only yells of defiance came from that wagon. coupled with invitations for the redskins to come nearer, Showers of arrows fell around them. Harve wore a white hat. It was a new hat and the boy was very proud of his headgear. It was a rarity , especially for a boy in those days. An arrow pierced it and pinned it to a tree against which he was standing. This made him mad and he begged his father to allow him to shoot the Indian that sent that arrow through his new hat. The father told him to hold his ammunition and not to fire until he so ordered. However, this did not satisfy him; he was bent on getting even, and abandoning his tree; he gathered up and broke every arrow that fell within his reach, thus rendering them useless in case the Indians should prevail, which just then, seemed highly probable. While thus engaged, his clothes were pierced in different places by arrows, and yet his father failed to give him the word "fire." The failure of the Putmans to use their guns served to embolden the Indians, and gradually they came nearer. At close range the Indians fired a shot from a gun, the leaden missle passing through Captain Putman's thigh, rupturing one of the smallest arteries. About the same moment a shot struck Harve's foot tearing away his shoe and leaving his big toe hanging by a mere shred. This was about 4 o'clock in the evening and the Indians became more bold when they saw the effect of their own shots, and yet when the white men's guns remained silent, an Indian more daring than the rest, advanced to the wagon and fired on Harve at a range so close that the blaze of the gun set his clothes on fire. This was getting to close for the Captain, and although desperately wounded, he raised up with his old shotgun and landed 18 buckshot into the carcass of the old copper-colored savage. Almost at the same instance Harve drew a bead on another—the one who had shot up his new hat—and with a ball from his old army gun, sent him to the happy hunting grounds. Both these Indians fell near the wagon and were speedily carried away by their comrades who made a charge in full force in order to recover the bodies.

The Indian killed by Captain Putman seemed to be the leader or chief of the band, and after his fall his followers seemed more determined than ever to have the horses and scalps of the Putmans. The charges were more frequent but not so close. Towards sundown Captain Putman became so weakened from the loss of blood that he fainted. Everything depended on the bravery of the son, who, when the Indians made a charge, presented that terror-inspiring gun, causing them to fall back. Realizing his father's condition, Harve took the water keg from the wagon and poured some of the contents on the Captain's face, which served to revive him.

When darkness came on the Indians withdrew to a small dry creek or branch about 300 yards distant, built a fire and seemed to be waiting for the rising of the moon, which came up about ten o'clock. At dark Captain Putman regained consciousness but was too weak to raise himself from the ground. What must be done? Being a large man, weighing over 200 pounds, Harve found it impossible to lift him into the wagon, although he made several fruitless efforts.

Finally the father told him to leave him, mount a horse and go to Gamel's ranch, some five miles distant, and get help. Before leaving, Harve succeeded in getting his father in a sitting posture with his back against a tree. He next tore apart the box, or bed, of the frail wagon and with this material and sacks of corn, he built a rude barricade about his father, and placing the loaded double barrel shotgun by his side told him to shoot at the first object that came near his fort. He insisted on leaving the army gun, also contending that his father would, in all likelihood, stand in greater need of it but to this the parent would not consent.

In one of the charges, an Indian had thrown a handsomely mountedtomahawk at Harve. This he secured and before leaving, put it by the side of his father, knowing full well that in close quarters

the brave old pioneer would put it to proper use.

When these hasty preparations were made, Harve bade his father to be of good cheer, that he would soon return with help and if no aid could be procured at the ranch, he would return alone and fight it out to a finish with the cowardly redskins. Mounting the best horse of the three, Harve quietly stole away in the darkness. His father had pointed out the direction in which the ranch lay and in less than an hour he reached Mr. Gamel's and told his story. Tom Gamel and Jasper Chapman were soon in the saddle and then hastened to the side of the wounded pioneer. The moon was rising when they reached the fortification where they found the Captain in the same position in which his son had left him, but his strength was so far gone that he scarce was able to speak above a whisper. The Indians were yet around their camp fire, and Harve insisted that he and the two men with him take chances on killing a few more of them. His father was desperately, probably fatally wounded, while he himself was suffering intensely from the loss of a toe and he thirsted for revenge. But wise counsel prevailed. Mr. Gamel told him that their only course was to act on the defensive. The enemy were too many for them and the best thing to do was to get that wagon bed together, hitch up, and get the wounded father to the ranch as soon as possible, and if the Indians made an attack, they would stay close together and kill as many as they could.

It was about sunrise the next morning when they reached the Gamel ranch, where the Captain received the tenderest care. It was several weeks before he was able to return home, and his recovery was only partial. He never fully recovered from the effects of the wound he received in the fight, although he lived to a ripe old age. He died at his home near House Mountain some time during the year 1880.

Harve's wound healed, or to use his own expression, "the toe grew out again," but he never forgot the scratch the Indians gave him that day on the Leon, as was proven on many subsequent occasions.

We cannot supply back numbers of Frontier Times. Subscriptions must begin with the current number.

"Speak Out in Meeting."

Uncle Dick Sullivan of San Saba, Texas, writes us a good letter and sends in the subscription of Veteran W. J Smith of that place. Among other things, Uncle Dick says: "While reading Captain Gillett's narrative about "Slick" Clements in your last issue, I could not keep the tears back, as "Slick" Clements and Ben Anderson were both in my company in 1874, one year before Gillett knew him, and both of these boys were on the buffalo range with me. I loved them as brothers. I see many names in your magazine that I knew many years ago, and that is what makes it so interesting to me. Before long I will write my experience as a ranger, and when I want to have a talk with you again I will just speak out in church as I know I am welcome to." And Uncle Dick is right. We want all of the Old Guard to know they are welcome to "speak out in meeting." Send us anything you have relating to the early days. We'll be glad to publish it.

Old Settlers' Association.

The Bandera County Old Settlers Association was organized at Bandera on January 26. Lee Risinger was selected president, and W. S.Ethridge, Secretary treasurer. Arrangements are being made to hold an old settlers' reunion at Bandera July 4th and 5th, 1924, when a great home-coming of former Bandera county citizens, scattered all over the United States, will be expected.

No Back Numbers.

We have frequent calls for back numbers of Frontier Times. We regret to say that we cannot comply with such requests, as the demand is greater than the supply. Each month we print an increased number of copies of the little magazine, but its circulation is growing so fast we can hardly estimate just what the demand will be.

Flint Arrow Heads.

Many people who find flint arrow heads and spikes believe they were used by Comanches, Apaches, and other tribes that inhabited Texas in the early days. These arrowheads belong to prehistoric tribes, of the Stone Age. The Indian of later years knew nothing about them, and the art of making them was lost before the Apaches or Comanches migrated to this state.

The Killing of Riley Walker.

Written by James Moore.

The pioneer days of Texas are relics of the dreary past and we would not bring them back if we could, yet it is well to remember the kindness, love and broad hospitality that marked the settlers of those early rustic days. May we never cease to be thankful for the fathers and mothers who fought, bled and died to make secure the civic blessings which so richly crown us today. Let it be remembered that these very blessings promise to be chief among the blessings of the people of America through future generations. We are in possession of a great and goodly land. Do we realize it? Can we estimate its greatness? Are we familiar with the capabilities and possibilities of the natural resources of this mighty land? Turn to your American history and note what this country was three hundred years ago. Note what Texas was fifty years since, then look and see what it is today. We have many good reasons for being thankful to God for the unselfish fathers and mothers whose lives went out to God in the early days of Texas history, all, all, that we their children might have self-sustaining homes in a great free and independent country.

Now, let us note with sadness the following tragedy: R. A. Walker and D. E. Moore, both of whom fought and suffered through the Civil War, were early settlers in Llano county. At the time of their removal to that section there were few famiies in that country, and it was a region full of promise for the sturdy frontiersman. Grass, water, wood, health, climate, and the fact that game abounded lent encouragement to those who desired to secure a home amidst such environments. Having located with their little families on Willow Creek, sixteen miles south of the town of Llano, they quietly entered upon their varied duties as citizens and ranchmen. They had small means, but their stock did well and for several years the fields of promise and prosperity lay out before them. They had slight trouble with the Indians occasionally at first, but afterward these disturbances grew more frequent, and clouds of trouble began to gather over the humble homes of the settlers. Of this, however, they seemed to be aware. Caution, that ever present monitor in the heart of man, was there, and under this condition they grew watchful and more thoughtful. Wise is the heart of man, but wiser still is the heart of Him who notes even the sparrow's fall.

Having made the necessary arrangements, R. A. Walker and D. E. Moore set out on the morning of February 22, 1870, to haul a load of bacon to the town of Fredericksburg. The distance was about 25 miles, and the roads were rough. They used oxen for teams, which made their progress quite slow. The morning was cold and frosty and the day was clear and beautiful. They had proceeded on their way about four miles when suddenly a gunshot was heard. D. E. Moore remarked that he believed the shot was an Indian signal.

"No," said Walker, "it must be the Waldrip boys out hunting." They talked the matter over as they pressed their way along the rough mountain road, but kept close watch. When they had driven out where they could get a better view of the situation and the road there seemed to be no danger near, and a feeling of encouraging safety crept over them. But alas, they had gone but a few hundred yards further when suddenly from ambush about fifteen bloodthirsty Indians fired upon them. R. A. Walker sank slowly to the ground and remained motionless at the feet of D. E. Moore. Moore's left arm was shattered by an Indian's bullet and was bleeding profusely. He made an effort to get his gun, but could not, as the Indians were flocking about the wagon. With all odds against him, and believing his companion dead, Moore sought safty in flight. Three of the Indians followed him about two miles but he outdistanced them and they gave up the chase. Exhausted from the loss of blood, he reached home and for more than three months he lay under a lingering illness. His health was eventually regained, but the usefulness of his hand and arm was entirely lost.

"The Trail Drivers of Texas," 2 volumes, Price $5.00. Order from Geo. W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

one. It was a formibable force mustered in that camp, for though it couldn't boast much discipline, all the men were well mounted, and most of them expert rifle and revolver shots. With just a little training, what a brigade of irregular cavalry it would have made! We were not encumbered by our supply train, for each man was his own commissariat department, and carried his own rations in his "walletas."

The night I joined orders were issued that we were to parade at eleven o'clock dismounted, and march the three miles into San Antonio to attack the fort. The position, as I have said, was a strong one, and could have easily been held by General Twig had he any fight in him, for we had no artillery. We of the rank and file fully expected a sharp tussle, not only with the troops there but also with the Germans, who made up quite half the population of the town. Our leaders, I suspect, knew better. Marching in columns of companies, and in dead silence in the darkness of the night, we went right into the town without encountering even a picket-guard. This was singular enough and didn't look much as though Twig meant fighting. Our commander, however, played the game as though it was in earnest, and occupied every commanding position as he advanced. My company eighty strong, was ordered to take post on the flat roofs of those Mexican houses, the fire from which would command the whole of Alamo Plaza. We got up easily enough without any opposition, and there we stood with loaded rifles for four mortal hours, and still no shot was fired, though every moment we expected the ball would open. At 7 a. m., the mystery was explaind, for the Stars and Stripes were hauled down from the fort and the Lone Star flag floated in their place amidst the wild cheers and hurrahs of all our boys. General Twig had surrendered, without a blow for the honor of his flag, eleven hundred troops, three batteries of artillery, and about $3,000,000 worth of stores and equipment of all sorts. What became of him I know not, but rather fancy he would hardly care to report himself at the Northern headquarters.

After a bit of spree in town, to celebrate our bloodless, but glorious, victory, we were marched back to camp and there dismissed, each one to his own abode.

Though Texas had not as yet joined the infant Confederacy, she had waged war against the United States, and must be prepared for eventualities. Therefore the Committee of Safety, shortly after the capture of San Antonio, called for mounted riflemen, to volunteer for three months' service.

About the middle of March I joined a company mustered in by T. Paul, under a commission from the Committee. We were forty in number, all good men and well armed, and reported at Castroville. Paul had, in bygone times, held a commission in the Texas Navy, a fleet which I suppose no one in this country (England) ever heard of before, but he was an old frontiersman and a fighting man, which was the main thing for us. He was the only commissioned officer in the company, and appointed me as orderly sergeant. Directly we were mustered into camp on the Medina river, in an old Mormon settlement, where there were several solid stone houses and a mill. The Mormons had established themselves on the Medina at the time that the main body of their co-religionists were settled in Nauvoo; but when the general movement was made against that body in the States, these folks, like the rest of them, had to trek to Salt Lake. Whatever else they are, the Mormons are first class organizers in a new country, and know how to make themselves comfortable. Nothing could be better than the spot they had chosen here, and they had made the most of it; and we could but be grateful to them for the excellent shelter the old fellows had provided for us against the keen, cold norther blowing.

That night Paul told us his orders were to march at daybreak to Camp Verde about thirty miles distant, to attack that post, which was held by a detachment of U. S. cavalry. How many of the enemy he would find he didn't know, but thought there were not more than our number. It seemed rather a large order, but the boys were in high spirits and eager for a fight. Before daybreak our small bugler had roused the camp, and by sun-up we had drunk our coffee and were off on our long ride. Our route lay, for the most part, by bridle-path alongside the Medina river, which ran swift and clear between high cedar-clad ridges. We took all proper precautions, and had scouts well ahead, whilst every man rode with his loaded rifle across the horn of his saddle and his six-shooter in his belt ready for use. But perforce we had to ride in

single file, and a dozen plucky men, properly posted in some of the narrow defiles, could easily have wiped us out. However, we were not molested, and camped that night about two miles from the post.

We were so confident of capturing the position, where we knew were plenty of stores, that we had traveled with but little provision of rations carried on two or three pack mules; so my office of issuer of provender to forty hungry men was not a very enviable one, for my comrades had but scant respect for any officer and none for the orderly sergeant!

That night we lay on our arms, and our pickets and those of the enemy were almost in touch. It passed without any attack on either side, and at daybreak we fell in and marched to within a mile of the fort. There Paul left his command in charge of the next senior sergeant, an old fighting frontiersman, whilst he and I rode on to the post, I bearing a white flag. A sergeant's guard received us and escorted us inside the fort, outside which I saw strong picket defences had been thrown up, and I made sure we were in for a fight. Lieutenant Hill, the officer in command, received us very stiffly, and said he meant to hold his post to the last. He had really received orders to retire, as we afterwards learned, but put a bold face on it to gain better terms. Paul assured him that though he might hold his post against us for a time, reinforcements were coming and eventually he must surrender; that General Twig, commanding the district, had already done so, and that therefore fighing would only mean useless waste of life. Our crafty friend was deaf to all reason for some time; but when Paul offered to let the officers and men march out with their horses, arms and personal property, which was what he had been fighting for, he at once agreed, and terms were forthwith settled. Hill was to march out the next day and report himself and his command at San Antonio. So at two o'clock that day he marched out and we took possession of the post, the stores, ammunition, twelve mules, eighty camels, and two Egyptian drivers, for all of which I had to give a receipt. The camels had been purchased in Egypt by the U. S. government for transport across the prairies in the dry season, and answered very well. They were very little trouble to us so far as the females were concerned (do they call them mares?—I don't know), but some of the males were the mischief, especially an old gentleman they christened "the Major." He was evidently possessed by "Shaitan," and bit and fought like a demon, but we chained him by the foot to a strong picket-post, and peace reigned in the camel corral.

For three weeks we remained in these pleasant quarters, with plenty of good fishing in the Verde Creek, and deer hunting and turkey shooting in the brush along its banks. But camp life, however pleasant, soon grows monotonous, so it was a relief to our easy-going but rather wearisome existence when one day an express rider came in, in hot haste, to summon us once more to the warpath; this time against a marauding band of Comanche Indians. It was night when he arrived, although his message was urgent enough, nothing Indians had been at their usual work of could be done till next morning. The killing white men and driving off horses, on four ranches in the Guadalupe district. Paul therefore ordered me to detail twenty five of the best mounted men, including myself, and be ready to start, with six days' rations in our walletas, by day break. How the boys shouted when I gave out the orders! All of course wanted to go, but that was impossible.

With the first gleam of light we were on the way to the Guadalupe river where the Comanches had begun their fiendish work of massacre and plunder. After about four hours' hard riding we reached a rough mountain farm, which had been the first attacked. Paul and I entered the lonely little cabin, and on the floor of the living room lay the corpses of two men, one elderly, and the other in the prime of life. Both were scalped, and pierced by many lance and arrow wounds. Two women knelt by the side of the poor remains in bitter grief, the elder mourning for her husband and son, the younger for her husband. The poor old mother told us that the night before the last one, her husband and son, hearing a noise in the horse corral, turned out to see what it was, and that was the last they had seen of them alive. The terrified women heard the noise of galloping horses and the yells of Indians, and dare not stir. Why the Comanches did not kill them, too, is strange, for they most always made a clean sweep of men, women and children in their raids.

Anyway, however it was, they were spared, and when daylight came, ventured out. They found the corral down, the horses gone, and the father and son lying on their faces, dead and scalped. The poor creatures had with difficulty carried their dead indoors, and there in that lonely spot, far from human help, had watched by them in anguish and in terror, for a day and night. There were of course no coffins, and we could not stay to make any, for we must be on the trail of the fiends who had done this work as soon as possible. But we offered to halt long enough to dig a grave, and they consenting, with many tears, we laid the poor fellows to rest under the shade of a liveoak hard by the little cabin. Then with our expert trailer leading, we rode off on the broad trail of the spoilers, with wrath and vengeance in our hearts. It was a pitiful sight to see those desolate and forlorn women left alone by the graves of their dead; but relief we knew was following after us from Camp Verde, and we had our stern duty to do.

There were three more ranches swept by the Indians, who in these had killed all the white folks, but they were some miles off the main trail, and we could not turn aside to them: for we must press on in the hope of catching our prey in the open country. In the hilly, rocky district at the head of the river no trailer, however expert, could follow Indians; there they would be safe.

Indian hunting, in my experience, is not what one would call pleasant sport; there are so many things you must not do. For instance, you mustn't stop to kill any game, however much you want meat, for your shot may alarm an Indian scout; you mustn't make a fire in the daytime, lest the smoke should give warning to the watchful foes; and then you must press on as fast as you can ride on the trail, to have any chance of catching them. For these Comanches are horse-Indians, and ride active, wirey ponies bare-backed. All the provisions they carry is a little jerked beef; their arms are bows and arrows and lances, and being wholly unencumbered with clothing, they get over the ground, whether mounted or dismounted, at a surprising rate. To catch them without plunder would be most difficult; but when they have made a big haul, as in this case, then is your chance to come up with them—only you mustn't lose any time. I may add that the Comanche doesn't want to fight, and won't if he can avoid it, unless the party following him is a very weak one; he wants to get away with his plunder, but if driven into a corner he will fight like a wildcat.

The trail led up the Guadalupe, a great part of the way over a boulder-strewn, rocky trail where it was most difficult to follow, for the "sign" was almost imperceptible. Sometimes through dense cedar-brakes, clothing the spurs of the hills running down to the river, but always through most lovely scenery, if one had only had time to rest and enjoy it. For four days we rode steadily on, never halting except at night, or for the briefest midday rest and the boys were all keen and eager for scalps. The fourth day the "sign" grew plainer, for small bands kept coming into the trail, and we judged there was a pretty strong bunch of Indians somewhere, not very far, ahead of us.

That night we camped on a bit of open, rolling prairie close to the river, and there was great excitement, for we believed we were close up to the band. Moreover we had now reached the very edge of the brush-covered, rocky hills, the fastnesses of the Indians, and if we couldn't catch them before they got into them, our labors and toils were in vain. Our trailer and two scouts went cautiously ahead, when night fell, to reconnoitre. They seemed gone hours; in reality it was less than one. Then they came cautiously back and reported they had located the Indians in a thick cedar-brake on the top of a steep ridge, and that, from the smoke of their fires, there must be a strong party of them. Paul ordered the boys to fall in at 2 a. m., so we might attack an hour or so before daybreak. It was pitch dark as silently, and in single file, we followed our guide through the cedar brakes over a very rough and hilly country. For nearly an hour we crept on, and then the whispered word was given, and passed down the line, to halt. We were within five hundred yards of the camp. Now twenty of the men were dismounted; the horses were linked and two men in charge, and whilst Paul led the frontal attack with eighteen of the boys, I was sent with four mounted men to the right flank to cut off any of the Indians who tried to bolt across the ravine on that side.

The moon just then broke through

the heavy clouds, and by the faint light we could see Paul and his men creeping up the ridge in line. Then we pushed a little farther around the flank of the hill and waited events, rifle in hand, and with straining eyes peering through the dimness of the night. Now, as we waited, a single shot was fired, then another, then a volley rang out on the top of the ridge and, like greased lightning, the Indians, on foot, went tearing through the brush for their lives. Some half dozen or so of them bolted across our ravine a bit ahead of us, and two of them we grassed, but one got up and ran on. They seemed to go at a tremendous pace, and in that dim light we were lucky to hit any of them.

Meanwhile Paul, through the hotheadedness of one of the boys just missed surprising the camp He and his men had crept nearly to the top of the steep ridge, when he did the mischief, thought he saw an Indian standing on the edge, peering down, and let drive with his Sharp's carbine, and hit a gnarled cedar stump! The next file followed suit, and in a moment the Indians were on foot and bolting in all directions. By this time our boys had reached the plateau, and poured a volley after the runaways, but they were scattered, the brush was thick, and aiming in the darkness was impossible, so all they actually bagged was three Indians. No doubt others were wounded but were carried off by their comrades, who make it a point of honor not to lose scalps if they can help it. It was no doubt the suddenness of our night attack that so scared the Comanches and made them bolt like that, for as a rule they are no cowards. In the darkness, and in such a country, it was of course hopeless to follow them farther. In their camp we found lances, bows and quivers, and shields, five scalps, various articles such as blankets, saddlery and rifles, the plunder of the ranches, and fifteen ponies. Of the latter they had a great many more with them, from the size of the trail, but the rest had bolted, or had been stampeded by the Indians at the first alarm. By daylight we had made packs of the plunder, and, driving the ponies before us, started on the back trail to Camp Verde.

Our horses were a bit done up by the long stern chase after the Comanches and it took us about three days to return to the fort. The next day an auction of the Indian spoils was held, and I bought four of the ponies at $3 a head; cheap enough, for they were wiry, useful little beasts.

On the Buffalo Range in 1873.

W. F. (Dick) Sullivan, San Saba, Texas.

Some of my children and friends have asked me to write a short sketch of my experience in West Texas during the early days, and I will atempt to do so, without apology to any of the wiseacres. I would not know Grammar if I met it in the road, for I was deprived of schooling when I was growing up, like many of the other boys who were raised on the frontier. I was born in Mooreville, Misissippi, in 1854, and left there with my parents in 1868, to come to Texas. Although I was just a little chap at the time I drove a team of oxen to a wagon, in which my mother rode with me. The rest of the party had mule teams. We stopped at Pilot Point, in Denton County, which was then a wild and wooly country. In the spring of 1869 my father died and my mother was left with six little children to raise, in a strange country. Nobody but an orphan knows what it means to be an orphan—no schooling, no father's hand to guide you, and nothing but a trying struggle staring you in the face. We lived on the old Chisholm Trail, when thousands of cattle were being driven to Kansas and other northern markets, and in the spring of 1872 I went up the trail with a herd of cattle for J. T. Wilson. The herd was from La Salle county, and all of the hands were Mexicans except Wison, myself and Charlie Cooper of San Antonio. We passed up by Fort Worth, where we bought supplies. There was no railroad there then, and we bedded our cattle right where the packing house stands now. We crossed Red River and went through the Indian Territory on our way. All of the boys have cause to remember the quicksand in the Canadian river, for at Deep Fork one of

our Mexicans was drowned. We stopped near Wichita, Kansas, on the Ninnesquaw river. In September I returned to Texas with Mose Stevenson's outfit, which was composed of four white men, nineteen Mexicans, and twelve new wagons. We had graybacks and crabs good and plenty all the way back and put in most of our time scratching. Nobody knows what good scratching is unless they have both of these pests at the same time.

In the fall of 1872 I went to Brown county where I was hired by Bob Terrell. He was trading dry goods for cattle, and was camped in an old log house eight miles above Brownwood, on the Bayou. Terrell slept in the house and I slept outside, and one night, while the moon was shining almost as bright as day a party of Indians ran a big bunch of horses near the house within a few feet of my pallet, and I did not wake up until they had passed and Terrell called me. This was on the old road from Comanche to Camp Colorado, and the only crossing on the Bayou. It is likely if I had awakened as they passed the Indians would have taken my scalp. At daybreak the next morning old Capt. Bill Anderson and a bunch of men from Salt Creek came along following the Indians, and just across the Bayou they found a big mare which the Indians had shot full of arrows because they could not drive her.

When I hired to this man Terrell he asked me my name and I told him it was Hill Fletcher. He said, "Hell, 'Dick' will do." And it has done from that day to this.

In the fall of 1873 I went on a buffalo hunt with nine other men, three of whom were "'Slick" Clements, Ben Anderson and Lon Anderson. Seven of us were on horseback, and three drove wagons. We passed out by Camp Colorado, as at that time Coleman hadn't yet been born. This side of Cedar Gap, in what is now Taylor county, we killed our first buffalo, cut out some hams and tender loin, and took all the kidney fat to cook with. A short distance further on "Slick" Clements borrowed my needle gun and killed a big doe, which was the fattest deer I ever saw. The fat was an inch thick between the hide and the meat. Pretty soon another boy came in with a big turkey gobbler, and we went on down to a spring branch to camp, and on our way discovered a cabin covered with buffalo hides. Three of us walked up to the cabin and learned that it was Kin Elkins' western ranch. They had killed three bears that afternoon, and gave us a whole bear to take back to camp with us. Now you can imagine what a feast we had at supper. Buffalo, turkey breast, fat venison and bear meat, all cut up and fried together. I have always thought it was the best supper I ever ate. Next day we passed through Cedar Gap, and stayed ten days on the buffalo range, and in that time we loaded our three wagons with buffalo meat and hides and went back home. We camped some nights in sight of Indian camp fires, and saw lots of Indian sign, but they were watching us from the mountain tops and knew our strength, so they didn't bother us.

On January 4, 1874, I joined Jim Connell's company of Rangers, Company C. Charlie Webb, who was afterwards killed by Wes Hardin in Comanche, was our first lieutenant. One time we were camped near Government Knob, when twenty-five of us were detailed to scout west for Indians, and our chuck wagon was to load and follow and overtake us on the Salt Fork of the Brazos. We never saw our wagon, and had to live on buffalo meat without salt or bread for fourteen days. It tasted mighty good when we got back. The Indians crossed the Bayou, about six miles above Brownwood, going west with a bunch of horses. When we overtook them we had a running fight for quite a distance, and killed two Indians, one of them being a chief who had a white woman's hair plaited into his own locks. He also had on a plain gold ring which no doubt he had taken from some white victim. Mike Thompson tried to get the ring off the Indian's finger but it would not slip over the knuckle, so he cut the finger off and got the ring that way. Mike afterwards gave the ring to his sister in Burnet county and she has it yet. (Poor old Mike. Some years after this fight he rode up on two men shinning a stolen beef, and they killed him.) We carried the two dead Indians to the bank of a slough at Brownwood and hung them up in a tree, where they remained for several days and were finally taken down, and hogs ate them up.

At that time Brownwood was a very small place, with only two stores and one saloon. In 1872 there were seven-

ty-five men in Brown county, and for a long time I could hear of only four of my old comrades of those days, but last September at the old Rangers' Reunion at Menard, George Womack of Brownwood and Dick Cheatem of Santa Anna walked up and put their arms around my neck, and said "Dick, don't you know me?" and the tears flowed like rain. And we thanked God that six of us are still on this side of eternity. The other three are Charlie Taylor, Bob Routh and Al Cheatem, all of whom have been living at Brownwood forty-six years. After I was mustered out of the ranger service I received my pension check for $680. I have lived in San Saba county forty-three years, part of the time on a ranch, and about twenty years in the hardware business. I have a wife and twelve children to share my love,

And some are growing old;
Soon by the Shepherd to be called
Into the heavenly fold.

Shot By Sam Bass.

Dr. A. B. Reeves, who has recently moved from Llano county to Andice, was a casual visitor at the Sun office. In conversation it developed that he was for several years a State Ranger and was engaged in the fight with the Sam Bass gang of robbers at Round Rock an July 21, 1879, which resulted in the killing of Barnes and the mortal wounding of Bass. Dr. Reeves, who knew Bass personally, had been detailed to go into the postoffice and to signal by firing if the outlaw came into the building. Sure enough, Bass did go in shortly and asked for mail, getting several letters. As he turned to leave Reeves fired into the floor, Bass ran out and the fight began, both sides firing rapidly. When Reeves had only one shot left, Bass spied him and with an oath turned on him and they fired at the same time, Reeves missing, but the ball from Bass' pistol struck him on the side of the nose, passed through his mouth and downward and came out under the arm, knocking him down. Bass then sprang on his horse and was making good his retreat when Sergeant Dick Ware, resting his gun on Reeves' horse, fired at long range and saw the dust fly up from the back of the coat of the fleeing outlaw, who rode on three miles farther, keeping his seat by holding on with both hands to the horn of the saddle Finally, unable to stay in the saddle, he dismounted and lay under the shade of a tree, where he was found and taken to a nearby house, where he expird after several hours suffering which he bore with the stoicism of an Indian.

Dr. Reeves says Bass was a very brave man and would have made an ideal Ranger and a good citizen if his energies had been properly directed. He says he knew Bass well, having often seen him in Dallas county, where he was employed as a teamster and he had talked with him many times. When Bass saw Reeves fighting his gang at Round Rock he became enraged and said to him; "So you know me, do you? Well I'll get you anyway.' Reeves, badly wounded as he was, and weak from loss of blood, was detailed to guard Bass in his last hours, a pallet being made for him on the floor in front of the door of the room where the outlaw chief was dying, and where he lay with his gun by his side watching to see that Bass did not escape even then. He says Bass talked and joked to the very end, seemingly having no fear of death. He was buried in the cemetery at Round Rock and a stone, the gift of his loving sister, marks his last resting

Dr. Reeves is a man of winning personality and the Sun hopes he will conclude to remain in the county.—Williamson County Sun.

A bill of sale, written by Billy the Kid notorious youthful bandit, at Tascosa, Oldham County, in 1873, and witnessed by two men named James E. McMasters and George J. Howard, recently was photographed and the reproduction given to the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society. This copy of a very interesting document came to the society through the courtesy of Thomas F. Turner of Amarillo.

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A Trying Trip Alone Through the Wilderness

From the "Trail Drivers of Texas."—Used by Permission

By Samuel Dunn Houston, San Antonio, Texas.

In 1879 I went from Southern Texas with a big herd of cattle to the northern market, Ogallala, Nebraska. This herd belonged to Head & Bishop. We reached Ogallala August 10th, 1879, and there we met R. G. Head, who gave the boss, John Sanders, orders to cross the South Platte the next morning and proceed to the north Platte. He said he would see us over there and would tell us where to take the herd.

On August 11th we crossed the South Platte and went over on North River about ten miles and camped. Dick Head came over to camp for dinner and told our boss to take the herd up to Tusler's Ranch on Pumpkin Creek and Mr. Tusler would be there to receive the cattle. He said it was about one hundred miles up the Platte. After dinner we strung the herd out and drove them up there. We rushed them up because we were anxious to get back to Ogallala to see all of our old cowboy friends get in from the long drive from Texas.

We reached the Tusler Ranch on August 19th and on the 20th we counted the herd over to the ranch boss and started back to Ogallala, making the return trip in four days.

The next morning as we were going through town, I met an old trail boss, and he wanted me to go with him to Red Cloud Agency, Dakota, with four thousand big Texas steers that belonged to D. R. Fant. They were Indian contracted cattle, so I told the boss I was ready to make the trip. Tom Moore was the foreman's name and he was a man that knew how to handle a big herd.

I went to camp with Tom that night and he got all the outfit together and on August 28th we took charge of the big herd. They were one of the old King herds which had come in by way of Dodge City, Kansas, from the coast country down in Southern Texas.

They wanted to walk, so we strung them out, and headed for the old South Platte. When the lead cattle got to the bank of the river the boss said, "Now Sam don't let them turn back on you, and we won't have any trouble." We landed on the other side all O. K. and went through the valley and on down through the town. Everybody in town was out to see the big King herd go through. I threw my hat back on my head and I felt as though the whole herd belonged to me.

When the lead cattle struck the foot hills I looked back and could see the tail end coming in the river, and I told my partner, the right hand pointer, that we were headed for the north pole. We raised our hats and bid Ogallala goodbye. When the lead cattle got to North River it was an hour and ten minutes before the tail end got to th top of the hills. My partner and I threw the range cattle out over the flats and we had it

Samuel Dunn Houston

easy until the chuck wagon came over and struck camp for noon, then four of us boys went to camp.

We had a high ball trail from there on.

We didn't cross the North Platte until we got to Fort Laramie, Wyoming. The snow was melting in the mountains and the river was muddy and no bottom to the quick sand. I was looking every night for a stampede but we were lucky. The night we camped close to the Court House Rock, they made a jump off the bed ground, but that didn't count. I think they got wind of the old negro cook. This herd had come from the old King Ranch, away down in Texas with a Mexican cook. I told the boss that the next morning and he said he was almost sure that was the cause.

The North Platte River in places is more than a mile wide and it seemed to me when we reached the place we were to cross, it was two miles wide. The range cattle on the other side looked like little calves standing along the bank.

When we reached Fort Laramie we made ready to cross. I pulled my saddle off and then my clothes. Tom came up and said, "Sam, you are doing the right thing." I told him I had crossed that river before and that I had a good old friend who once started to cross that river and he was lost in the quicksand. His name was Theodore Luce, of Lockhart, Texas. He was lost just above the old Seven Crook Ranch above Ogallala. Tom told all the boys to pull off their saddles before going across. When everything was ready we strung the herd back on the hill and headed for the crossing. Men and steers were up and under all the way across.

We landed over all safe and sound, got the sand out of our hair counted the boys to see if they were all there and pulled out to the foot hills to strike camp.

About ten o'clock that night the first guards came in to wake my partner and I to stand second guard. I got up, pulled on my boots, untied my horse and then the herd broke. The two first guards had to ride until Tom and the other men got there. Three of us caught the leaders and threw them back to the tail end, then run them in a mill, until they broke again. We kept that up till three o'clock in the morning when we got them quieted.

We held them there until daylight, then strung them towards the wagon and counted them. We were out fifty-five head, but we had the missing ones back by eight o'clock. We were two miles from the grub wagon when the run was over. The first guards said that a big black wolf got up too close to the herd and that was the cause of the trouble.

Our next water was the Neobrara River, which was thirty miles across the Laramie Plains. We passed over that in fine shape. From there our next water was White River. The drive through that country was bad, because the trail was so crooked and such deep canyons. We reached White River, crossed over and camped. About the time we turned the mules loose, up rode thirty bucks and squaws, all ready for supper. They stood around till supper was ready and the old negro cook began to get crazy and they couldn't stay any longer. They got on their horses and left. An Indian wont stay where there is a crazy person. They say he is the devil.

The next morning the horse wrangler was short ten head of horses. He hunted them until time to move camp and never found them, so Tom told me that I could stay there and look them up, and he would take the herd eight or ten miles up the trail and wait for me. I roped my best horse, got my Winchester and six-shooter and started out looking for the horses. I rode that country out and out, but could not find them, so I just decided the Indians drove them off during the night to get a reward or a beef. I thought I would go down to the mouth of White River, on the Missouri River in the bottom where the Indians were camped. When I got down in the bottom I saw horse signs, so I was sure from the tracks they were our horses. I rode and rode until I found them. There was no one around them, so I started back with the bunch. When I had covered three or four miles, I looked back and saw a big dust on the hill out of White River. Then I rode for life, because I knew it was a bunch of Indians and they were after me. I could see the herd ahead of me, and never let up. I beat them to camp about a half mile.

When they rode up and pointed to the horses, one Indian said, "Them my horses. This man steal 'em! Him no good!" We had an old squaw humper along with us, and he got them down to a talk. Tom told them he would give them a beef. Tom went with them out to the herd and cut them out a big beef and they ran it off a short distance and killed it, cut it up, packed it on their ponies and went back toward White River. I told the boss that was the best deed he ever did in his life. If those Indians had over taken me I am sure my bones would be bleaching in that country today. The Indians were almost on the war path at that time and we were lucky in that we did not have any more trouble with them.

A week longer put us at the Agency. Tom went ahead of the herd and reported to the agent. We camped about four miles this side that night and the next

morning we strung the old herd off the bed ground and went in to the pens at Red Cloud Agency, Dakota. There I saw more Indians than I ever expected to see. The agent said there were about ten thousand on the ground.

It took us all day to weigh the herd out, ten steers on the scales at one time. We weighed them and let them out one side and the agent would call the Indians by name and each family would fall in behind his beef and off to the flats they would go.

After we got the herd all weighed out the agent told us to camp there close and he would show us around. He said the Indians were going to kill a fat dog that night and after they had feasted they would lay the carcass on the ground and have a war dance.

All the boys wanted to stay and see them dance. A few of the bucks rode through the crowd several times with their paint on. In a little while a buck came up with a table on his head and set it down in the crowd and then came another with big butcher knives in his hand and a third came with a big fat dog on his shoulder, all cleaned like a hog. He placed it on the table, then every Indian on the ground made some kind of a pow-wow that could be heard for miles, after which the old chief made a speech and the feast began. Every Indian on the ground had a bite of that dog. They wanted us to go up and have some, but we were not hungry so we stood back and looked on. "Heap good," said the chief, "heap fat." About ten o'clock they had finished eating and two squaws took the carcass off the table and put it on the ground and the dance began. Every Indian was painted some bright color. That was a wonderful dance.

The next morning we started back over our old trail to Ogallala. It was about October 16th and some cooler and all of the boys were delighted to head south.

Seven days' drive with the outfit brought us back to the Neobrara River and we struck camp at the Dillon ranch.

The Dillon Ranch worked a number of half-breed Indians. I was talking with one about going back to Ogallala, as I was very anxious to get on the trail road and go down in Texas to see my best girl. He told me he could tell me a route that I could cut off two or three hundred miles going to Ogallala. So I wrote it all down. He told me to go over the old Indian trail across the Laramie Plains, saying his father had often told him how to go and the trail was wide and plain and it was only one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred miles. Right there I made up my mind that I would go that way and all lone. There were only two watering places and they were about forty miles apart. The first lake was sixty-five or seventy miles. I had the best horse that ever crossed the Platte River and if I could cut off that much, I would be in Texas by the time the outfit reached Ogallala. I asked Tom to pay me off, saying that I was going back to Texas over the old Indian trail across the Laramie Plains. I knew if an Indian crossed that country I could also.

He said, "You are an old fool. You can't make that trip, not knowing where the fresh water is, you will starve to death." I told him that I could risk it anyway and I knew I could make it.

Next morning I was in my saddle by daylight, bade the boys good-bye and told them if they heard of a dead man or horse on the old Indian trail, across the plains, for some of them the next year to come and pick me up, but I was sure I could make the trip across.

The first day's ride I was sure I had covered sixty-five or seventy miles. I was getting very thirsty that evening so I began to look on both sides of the trail for the fresh water lake, but was disappointed. I was not worried. Just as the sun went down I went down into a deep basin just off the trail where there was a very large alkali lake. I had a pair of blankets, my slicker and saddle blankets so I made my bed down and went to bed. I was tired and old Red Bird (my horse) was also jaded. I lay awake for some time thinking and wondering if I was on the wrong trail The next morning I got up, after a good rest, ate the rest of my lunch, and pulled down the trail looking on both sides of the trail for the fresh water lake but failed to find it. I then decided that the half-breed either lied or had put me "up a tree." Anyway I would not turn back. I had plenty of money but that was no good out there. I could see big alkali lakes everywhere but I knew there would be a dead cowboy out there if I should take a drink of that water.

I rode until noon but found nothing.

The country was full of deer, antelope, elk and lobo wolves but they were too far off to take a shot at. When I struck camp for noon, I took the saddle off my horse and lay down for a rest. Got up about one-thirty and hit the trail.

That was my second days' ride and my tongue was very badly swelled. I could not spit any more, so I began to use my brain and a little judgment and look out for "old Sam" and that horse. About the middle of the afternoon I looked off to my left and saw a large lobo wolf about one hundred yards away and he seemed to be going my route. He was going my gait and seemed to have me spotted. I took a shot at him every little while but I kept on going and so did he. I rode on until sundown and looked out for my wolf, but did not see him. The trail turned to the right and went down into a deep alkali basin. I rode down into it and decided that I would pull into camp for the night, as I was much worn out. I went down to the edge of the lake, pulled off my saddle and made my bed down on my stake rope so I would not lose my horse. The moon was just coming over the hill.

I threw a load in my gun and placed it by my side, with my head on my saddle and dropped off to sleep. About nine o'clock the old wolf's howl woke me up. I looked up and saw him sitting about twenty feet from my head just between me and the moon. I turned over right easy, slipped my gun over the cantle of my saddle and let him have one ball. He never kicked. I grabbed my rope, went to him, cut him open and used my hands for a cup and drank his blood. It helped me in a way but did not satisfy as water would. I went down to the lake and washed up, went back to bed and thought I would get a good sleep and rest that night but found later I had no rest coming.

I was nearly asleep when something awakened me. I raised up and grabbed my gun, and saw it was a herd of elk, so I took a shot or two at them. As soon as I shot they stampeded and ran off but kept coming back. About twelve o'clock I got up, put my saddle on my horse and rode until daylight. I was so tired, I thought I would lay down and sleep awhile. Riding that night I must have passed the second water lake. After sleeping a little while I got up and broke camp and rode until twelve o'clock, when I stopped for noon that day. That being my third day out, I thought I would walk around, and the first thing I saw was an old dead horse's bones. I wondered what a dead horse's bones were doing away out there so I began to look around some more and what should I see but the bones of a man. I was sure then that some man had undertaken to cross the plains and had perished, so I told old Red Bird (my horse) that we had better go down the trail and we pulled out.

That evening about four o'clock, as I was walking and leading my horse, I saw a very high sand hill right on the edge of the old trail. I walked on to the top of the saud hill and there I could see cottonwood trees just ahead of me. I could see cattle everywhere in the valley and I saw a bunch of horses about a mile from me. I looked down toward the trees about four miles and saw a man headed for the bunch of horses. He was in a gallop and as he came nearer to the horses I pulled my gun and shot one time. He stopped a bit and started off again. Then I made two shots and he stopped again a few minutes. By that time he had begun to round up the horses, so I shot three times. He quit his horses and came to me in a run. When he got up within thirty or forty feet of me, he spoke to me and called me by my name and said, "Sam you are the biggest fool I ever saw." I couldn't say a word for my mouth was so full of tongue, but I knew him. He shook hands and told me to get up behind him and we would go to camp. He took his rope and tied it around my waist to keep me from falling off for I was very weak. He struck a gallop and we were at the camp in a very few minutes. He tied his horse and said, "Now Sam we will go down to the spring and get a drink of water."

Just under the hill about twenty steps away was the finest sight I ever saw in my life. He took down his old tin cup and said, "Now, Sam, I am going to be the doctor." I was trying all the time to get in the spring but was so weak he could hold me back with one hand. He would dip up just a teaspoonful of the water in the cup and say, "Throw your head back," and he poured it on my tongue. After awhile he increased it until I got my fill and my tongue went

down. When I got enough water then I was hungry. I could have eaten a piece of that fat dog if I'd had it.

My friend's name was Jack Woods, an old cowboy that worked on the Bosler ranch. Jack and I had been up the trail from Ogallala to the Dakotas many times before that. Jack said, "Now, Sam, we will go up to the house and get something to eat. I killed a fat heifer calf yesterday and have plenty of bread cooked so you come in and lay down and I will start a fire quickly and cook some steak and we will eat supper." Before he could get supper cooked, I could stand it no longer, so I slipped out, went around behind the house where he had the calf hanging, took out my pocket knife and went to work eating the raw meat trying to satisfy my appetite. After fifteen or twenty minutes, Jack came around hunting me and said, "Sam, I always thought you were crazy, now I know it. Come on to supper." I went in the house and ate a hearty supper.

After finishing supper, I never was so sleepy in my life, Jack said, "Sam, lay down on my bed and go to sleep and I will go out and get your horse and treat him to water and oats." He got on his horse and struck a gallop for the sand hills, where my poor horse was standing starving to death.

Next morning Jack told me that a man by the name of Lumm once undertook to cross those plains from the Neobrara River to the head of the Little Blue over that same Indian trail. Jack said "He and his horse's bones are laying out on the plains now. Perhaps you saw them as you came along." I told him I saw the bones of a man and the horse but didn't remember how far back it was. It seemed about twenty-five miles.

On October 29th I saddled my horse and told Jack I was going to Texas. He gave me a little lunch and I bid him goodbye and headed for the North Platte. I reached Bosler's Ranch at 12 o'clock, had dinner, gave the boss a note from Jack Woods, fed my horse, rested an hour, saddled up, bade the boys goodbye and headed for Ogallala on the South Platte, forty miles below.

I reached Ogallala that night at 9:30 o'clock, put my horse in the livery stable, went up to the Leach Hotel and there I met Mr. Dillon, the owner of the Neobrara Ranch, sold my horse to him for $80, purchased a new suit, got a shave and haircut, bought my ticket to Texas and left that night at 11:30 o'clock for Kansas City.

On November 6th I landed in Austin, Texas, thirty miles from my home, and took the stage the next morning for Lockhart. That was where my best girl lived and when I got there I was happy.

This was the end of a perfect trip from Nebraska on the South Platte to Red Cloud Agency, North Dakota.

Josiah Wilbarger Scalped by Indians.

Wilbarger's "Indian Depredations in Texas"

In the spring of 1830, Stephen F. Austin came to his new colony, located on the upper Colorado, with two surveyors and the advance guard of emigrants for the purpose of establishing the surveys of those who had made their selections. Josiah Wilbarger and Reuben Hornsby were among those who had previously been over the ground and picked out locations for their headright leagues. Wilbarger had come to Texas from the State of Missouri as early as 1828 and first settled in Matagorda county, where he remained about one year and then moved up the Colorado. It was in about the month of March, 1830, that he selected for his headright a beautiful tract of land situated at the mouth of what is now known as Wilbarger creek, about ten miles above where the San Antonio and Nacogdoches road crosses the river where the town of Bastrop now is. After making his selection he immediately moved on his headright league with his family and two or three transient young men and built his occupation house, his nearest neighbor being about seventy-five miles down the river. In the month of April, Austin, with his surveying party, accompanied by Rueben Hornsby, Webber, Duty and others, who had also previously made their selections arrived, and commenced work on the Colorado at the crossing of the San An-

tonio and Nacogdoches road. The river was meandered to the upper corner of Jesse Tannehill league, when the party stopped work in the month of May. Wilbarger was the first and outside settler in Austin's new colony until July, 1832, when Rueben Hornsby came up from Bastrop (where he had stopped for a year or two) and occupied his league on the east bank of the Colorado river, some nine miles below the site of Austin.

Hornsby's house was always noted for hospitality, and he, like his neighbor Wilbarger, was remarkable for those virtues and that personal courage which made them both marked men among the early settlers. Young men who from time to time came up to the frontier to look at the country made Hornsby's house a stopping place, and were always gladly welcomed, for it was chiefly through such visits that news from the States was obtained. A more beautiful tract of land, even now, can nowhere be found than the league of land granted to Reuben Hornsby. Washed on the west by the Colorado, it stretches over a level valley about three miles wide to the east, and was, at the time of which we write, covered with wild rye, and looking like one vast green wheat field. Such was the valley in its virgin state which tempted Hornsby to build and risk his family outside of the settlements. Until a few years ago not an acre of that league of land had ever been sold, but it was occupied by the children and grandchildren of the old pioneer, who lived out his four score years and died without a blemish on his character.

In the month of August, 1833, a man named Christian and his wife were living with Hornsby. Several young unmarried men were also stopping there. This was customary in those days, and the settlers were always glad to have them for protection. Two young men, Standifer and Haynie, had just come to the settlement from Missouri to look at the country. Early in August, Josiah Wilbarger came up to Hornsby's, and in company with Christian, Strother, Standifer and Haynie, rode out in a northwest direction to look at the country. When riding up Walnut creek, some five or six miles northwest of where the city of Austin stands, they discovered an Indian. He was hailed, but refused to parley with them, and made off in the direction of the mountains to the west of them. They gave chase and pursued him until he escaped to cover in the mountains near the head of Walnut creek, about where James Rogers afterwards settled.

Returning from the chase, they stopped to noon and refresh themselves, about one-half mile up the branch above Pecan spring, and four miles east of where Austin afterwards was established in sight of the road now leading from Austin to Manor. Wilbarger, Christian and Strother unsaddled and hobbled their horses, but Haynie and Standifer left their horses saddled and staked them to graze. While the men were eating they were suddenly fired on by Indians. The trees near them were not large and offered poor cover. Each man sprang to a tree and promptly returned the fire of the savages, who had stolen up afoot under cover of brush and timber, having left their horses out of sight. Wilbarger's party had fired a couple of rounds when a ball struck Christian, breaking his thigh bone. Strother had already been mortally wounded. Wilbarger sprang to the side of Christian and set him up against his tree. Christian's gun was loaded but not primed. A ball from an Indian gun had bursted Christian's powder horn. Wilbarger had an arrow through the calf of his leg and had received a flesh wound in the hip. Scarcely had Wilbarger regained the protecting cover of the small tree, from which he fought, until his other leg was pierced with an arrow. Until this time Haynie and Standifer had helped sustain the fight, but when they saw Strother mortally wounded and Christian disabled, they made for their horses, which were yet saddled and mounted them. Wilbarger finding himself deserted, hailed the fugitives and asked to be permitted to mount behind one of them if they would not stop and help fight. He ran to overtake them, wounded, as he was, for some little distance, when he was struck from behind by a ball which penetrated about the center of his neck and came out on the left side of his chin. He fell apparently dead, but though unable to move or speak, did not lose consciousness. He knew when the Indians came around him —when they stripped him naked and tore the scalp from his head. He says that though paralyzed and unable to move, he knew what was being done, and that when his scalp was torn from his

skull it created no pain from which he could flinch, but sounded like distant thunder. The Indians cut the throats of Strother and Christian, but the character of Wilbarger's wound, no doubt, made them believe his neck was broken, and that he was surely dead. This saved his life.

When Wilbarger recover consciousness the evening was far advanced. He had lost much blood, and the blood was still slowly ebbing from his wounds. He was alone in the wilderness, desperately wounded, naked and still bleeding. Consumed by an intolerable thirst, he dragged himself to a pool of water and lay down in it for an hour, when he became so chilled and numb that with difficulty he crawled out to dry land. Being warmed by the sun and exhausted by the loss of blood, he fell into a profound sleep. When awakened, the blood had ceased to flow from the wound in his neck, but he was again consumed with thirst and hunger.

After going back to the pool and drinking, he crawled over the grass and devoured such snails as he could find, which appeased his hunger. The green flies had blown his wounds while he had slept, and the maggots were at work, which pained and gave him fresh alarm. As night approached he determined to go as far as he could toward Reuben Hornsby's, about six miles distant. He had gone about six hundred yards when he sank to the ground exhausted, under a large postoak tree, and well nigh despairing of life. Those who have ever spent a summer in Austin know that in that climate the nights in summer are always cool, and before daybreak some covering is needed for comfort. Wilbarger, naked, wounded and feeble, suffered after midnight intensely from cold. No sound fell on his ear but the hooting of owls and the bark of the coyote wolf, while above him the bright silent stars seemed to mock his agony. We are now about to relate two incidents so mysterious that they would excite our incredulity were it not for the high character of those who to their dying day vouched for their truth.

As Wilbarger lay under the old oak tree, prone on the ground, he distinctly saw, standing near him the spirit of his sister Margaret Clifton, who had died the day before in Florisant, St. Louis county, Missouri. She said to him: "Brother, Josiah, you are too weak to go by yourself. Remain here, and friends will come to take care of you before the setting of the sun." When she had said this she moved away in the direction of Hornsby's house. In vain he besought her to remain with him until help would come.

Haynie and Standifer, on reaching Hornsby's had reported the death of their three companions, stating that they saw Wilbarger fall and about fifty Indians around him, and knew that he was dead. That night Mrs. Hornsby started from her sleep and waked her husband. She told him confidently that Wilbarger was alive; that she had seen him vividly in a dream, naked, scalped and wounded, but she knew he lived. Soon she fell asleep and again Wilbarger appeared to her alive, but wounded, naked and scalped, so vividly that she again woke Mr. Hornsby and told him of her dream, saying: "I know that Wilbarger is not dead." So confident was she that she would not permit the men to sleep longer, but had their coffee and breakfast ready by daybreak and urged the men at the house to start to Wilbarger's relief.

The relief party consisted of Joseph Rogers, Rueben Hornsby, Webber, John Walters and others. As they approached the tree under which Wibarger had passed the night, Rogers, who was in advance, saw Wilbarger, who was sitting at the root of a tree. He presented a ghastly sight, for his body was almost red with blood. Rogers, mistaking him for an Indian, said: "Here they are, boys." Then Wilbarger rose up and spoke, saying: "Don't shoot, it is Wilbarger." When the relief party started Mrs. Hornsby gave her husband three sheets, two of them were left over the bodies of Christian and Strother until the next day, when the men returned and buried them, and one was wrapped around Wilbarger, who was placed on Roger's horse. Hornsby being lighter than the rest mounted behind Wilbarger, and with his arms around him, sustained him in the saddle. The next day Wm. Hornsby, Joseph Rogers, Walters and one or two others returned and buried Christian and Strother.

When Wilbarger was found the only particle of his clothing left by the savages was one sock. He had torn that from his foot, which was much swollen from an arrow wound in his leg, and had place it on his naked skull from which

the scalp had been taken. He was tenderly nursed at Hornsby's for some days. His scalp wound was dressed with bear's oil, and when recovered sufficiently to move, he was placed in a sled, made by Billy Hornsby and Leman Barker (the father-in-law of Wilbarger) because he could not endure the motion of a wagon, and was thus conveyed several miles down the river to his own cabin. Josiah Wilbarger recovered and lived for eleven years. The scalp never grew entirely over the bone. A small spot in the middle of the wound remained bare, over which he always wore a covering. The bone became diseased and exfoliated, finally exposing the brain. His death was hastened, as Doctor Anderson, his physician, thought, by accidently striking his head against the upper portion of a low door frame of his gin house many years after he was scalped. We have stated the facts as received from the lips of Josiah Wilbarger, who was the brother of the author of this book, and confirmed by Wm. Hornsby and others who are now dead.

The vision which so impressed Mrs. Hornsby was spoken of far and wide through the colony fifty years ago; for her earnest manner and perfect confidence that Wilbarger was alive, made, in connection with her vision and its realization, a profound impression on the men present, who spoke of it everywhere. There were no telegraphs in those days, and no means of knowing that Margaret, the sister, had died seven hundred miles away only the day before her brother was wounded. The story of her apparition, related before he knew that she was dead—her going in the direction of Hornsby's, and Mrs. Hornsby's strange vision, recurring after slumber, present a mystery that made then a deep impression and created a feeling of awe which, after the lapse of a half a century, it still inspires. No man who knew them ever questioned the veracity of either Wilbarger or the Hornsbys, and Mrs. Hornsby was loved and reverenced by all who knew her.

We leave to those more learned the task of explaining the strange coincidence of the visions of Wilbarger and Mrs. Hornsby. It must remain a marvel and a mystery. Such things are not accidents; they tell us of a spirit world and of a God who "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." Josiah Wilbarger left a wife and five children. His widow, who afterwards married Talbert Chambers, was the second time left a widow, and resided, in 1888, in Bastrop county, about thirty-five miles below the city of Austin.

The eldest son, John, was killed many years after the death of his father by the Indians in west Texas,. Harvey, another son of Josiah, lived to raise a large family, when he died. His widow and only son live in Bastrop county. One married daughter lives at Georgetown and another at Belton, Texas. Of the brothers and sisters of Josiah Wilbarger who came to Texas in 1837, the author, and Sallie Wilbarger (who resides at Georgetown) Are the only suvivors. Matthias Wilbarger, a brother, and a sister, Mrs. W. C. Dalrymple, died many years ago. Mrs. Lewis Jones, another sister, died on the way to Texas.

So far as our knowledge extends, this was the first blood shed in Travis county at the hands of the implacable savages. It was but the beginning, however, of a bloody era which was soon to dawn upon the people of the Colorado.

Owing to the sparsely settled condition of the country, the Indians could slip in, commit murders, then slip out and return to their mountain homes with impunity. However, when the rich valleys of the Colorados became known, immigrants began to flock into Austin's new colony, and it was not long until the settlers grew sufficiently strong to organize for protection into minute companies which were placed under the command of Colonel Edward Burleson. These companies afforded great protection to the families, and no doubt saved many women and children from being murdered or carried off into a captivity worse than death. The settlers over on the Brazos, the Guadalupe and Lavaca had likewise formed similar organizations, but notwithstanding the vigilance and untiring efforts of these companies in trying to protect the advance guard of civilization from the tomahawk and scalping knife of the hostile savages, the bloody traces of these demons could be seen here to-day, several miles distant tomorrow; and before they could be overtaken they would be far into the cedar brakes of the mountains, where they could not well be pursued.

We cannot supply back numbers of Frontier Times. Subscriptions must begin with the current number.

The Texas Ranger.

Written for Texas Siftings in 1882.

The Texas Ranger is not so handsome as an eight-dollar-a-week dry-goods clerk, but he is more courageous than a Numidian lion and tougher than a Mexican burro. His language might sound a little barbaric in a London drawing-room, but he can successfully ride a broncho pony and kill a Mexican horse thief at five hundred yards with his eyes shut. His manners are not exactly Chesterfieldian, but this deficiency in etiquette is more than offset by the aestheticism he displays in scalping an Indian. He may not be up on the tariff question, but he can follow a blind trail at a gallop and never miss the way. It is possible that he cannot tell the difference between the hypothesis of atomis evolution and a luna eclipse, but he knows a "rustler" at sight a nd can name half the fugitives in Texas. Taken altogether, the ranger is a tough case and most of them have been born on the headwaters of Bitter Creek, where the natives are "wild and wooly and hard to curry." The further you go on this Classic Stream, the tougher the citizen. Uuderneath this rough exterior the Ranger hides a heart as simple and guileless as a child's and a soul whose tenderest chords are instantly touched by human misery or woe. He cleans his gun, washes his shirt and repairs his saddle on Sunday, but he will share his only dollar with a man in want, and throw his last biscuit to a hungry dog. His salary is meager, and he does not profess to love his country as dearly as does a candidate for the Legislature, but he will tackle a bunch of rustlers single-handed, and round 'em up, too. He never saw the inside of a college, but he has been the advance courier of civilization, and has made life and property safe in Texas. Half the time he received no credit for his work. He does his duty all the same. Short-sighted Legislators grumble and growl when they are called upon to pay him his pittance, and every year cut down the appropriation. He goes right ahead killing Indians and rounding up desperadoes. Penurious tax payers insist that he is a burden upon the State. He returns them their stolen horses and cattle, brings to justice the man who robs them on the highway, and guards their homes night and day. Eastern Texans allege that the frontier is too far away from them to need protection at their expense. The Ranger knows that he fixed the present boundaries of the frontier, and is every day pushing it further towards the setting sun; and he can remember when the blood-thirsty Indian and the daring highwayman lurked in the very shadow of the State Capitol.

The Ranger is hardly ever out of the saddle. He is the original and only "solitary horseman" who has been scouring the plains in search of redskins ever since the dawn of the dime novel. He is Young America's beau ideal of border chivalry. The Ranger can ride harder, fight longer, live rougher, and make less talk about it than anything that walks on two feet. He wears a sombrero and spurs, thus accoutred. and with a two dollar government blanket, he will defy alike the rains of summer and the snows of winter. He generally dies with his boots on, and as the State does not furnish rose-wood caskets and cemetery lots for her fallen soldiers, his comrades wrap him up in an old blanket and,

In an unmarked shallow grave,
They lay him down to rest;
His saddle for a pillow
His gun across his breast.

The Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, which has its headquarters at Canyon, Texas, is in receipt of a letter written by T. D. Hobart of Pampa, Gray county, in which he says the first white child was born in the Panhandle in 1849. They were twin boys, born near what is now known as White Deer Creek and were the children of an emigrant bound for California. The emigrant train was being escorted by Capt. Marcy who at that time was engaged in laying out a new Santa Fe trail from Fort Smith to Santa Fe. The book containing this record is in the possession of Mr. Hobart. The Panhandle-Plains Historical Society is the possessor of many interesting records and relics of pioneer days in that section of the State.

Frontier Times is issued the fifteenth of the month preceeding date of issue.

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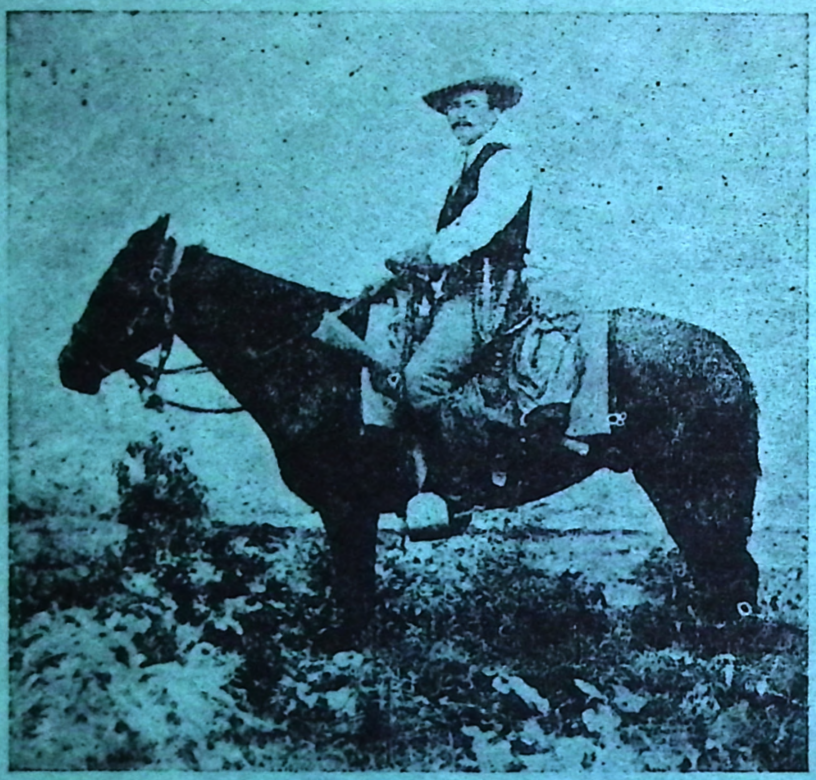
"Six Years With the Texas Rangers"



Sergeant J. B. Gillett, Texas Ranger in 1879.

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